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Poetry.

For the BLADE.

A PICTURE.

BY A. D. H.

Three red hoods, about three little faces
That dimple with smiles, in the glad sunlight;
Six plump little feet, running swift races;
Forming unconscious, a beautiful sight.

Three little chattering, musical voices,
Each busy with laughter, or ringing with song;
The old heart grows young, and again rejoices,
And old eyes grow bright as these three trip along.

Three rosy mouths, upturned for the kisses
Which the fond, doting mother readily gives,
And six dimpled arms round her in caresses
Making her thankful, and glad that she lives.

Three little girls, after supper is over,
Sitting about in the firelight's bright glow,
Talking with mother, and playing with Rover,
The prettiest sight in the world, I know.

And can that mother deem her life wasted,
Which in caring for these, her dear ones is spent?
The soul's best joys by her lips are tasted,
And God fills her heart with perfect content.

With loving words, and good night caresses,
After three childish prayers have been said,
Three rounded forms, inside three white night dresses,
She tucks away fondly, and snugly in bed.

Original Story.

Written for the TOLEDO BLADE.

Was She Right or Wrong!

BY JOHN BRENT.

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[CONTINUED.]

He had taken his flute with him, and gone, no one knew whither. He had left a little note on the table, daintly written, as handsome Louis had been wont to write, in the happy days before insanity had laid its baleful hand upon him, a gently worded, pretty note, saying he had gone back to Hungary, to Castle Weissenhauser, to behold once more his ancestral inheritance. Louis's father started post-haste to the seaport, and the neighbors sought all over the adjoining country for the lost one. But he was never found alive. He had indeed gone to the seaport, but there, instead of taking passage on a steamship, he had gone away on a railroad train bound westward. I do not know the insane fancy which prompted him to do it, and no human being ever will know. He was very quiet and silent on the way, and there was nothing in his manner to excite suspicion of insanity. The poor lost soul wandered at last to Cincinnti.—The river seemed to have a strange fascination for him. He walked slowly up and down the wharves, like one in a dream, and finally went out upon the beautiful suspension bridge. The magnificent view from the middle of the bridge attracted even the wandering light of his insane eyes. He gazed up and down the lovely river, still like one in a dream, an unchanted dream. Just then, while he still gazed up and down the river, a band from one of the steamers began to play. Suddenly, glancing over toward the city, he saw the tall towers of a church, shining redly in the bright sunset light. He threw up his arms and shouted loudly:

"It is Castle Weissenhauser! Red falls the sunset light on the gray towers. I hear the voices of my ancestors, singing in the halls. They are calling me. My long journey is ended!"

And then, before any arm could reach him, he sprang over the side of the bridge, down, down into the troubled, dizzy depths, a hundred feet below.

He was quite dead when they found him. An emerald ring on his finger, with "Louis Esterwald" engraved inside, told his name. His curling black locks were tangled and dripping; the light had gone out forever from his dark, passionate eyes, but his face was the face of one upon whom a great and beautiful light had suddenly shone. And so it was. The sweet light of Infinite Mercy, Infinite Pity, Infinite Love had beamed upon the darkened soul in that moment. It shines upon him still.

The long journey was ended at last!

CHAPTER XVI.

A WOMAN WHO WORKED.

That woman was Arria. You will scarcely believe it. It is hard to believe that a butterfly could change to a bee, and yet it happened, so to speak.

It happened on this wise:

A serious misfortune befel brave old Aunt Beck—nothing less than the loss of all her ready money and more than half her landed property. The loss was occasioned by the failure and utter ruin of a certain business stock company in which Aunt Beck was largely interested. Every thing was swept off except just her house and the Page farm, and after that there remained a heavy debt to be paid. Aunt Beck had to begin all over again, just now when she was beginning to be a little old and would have been glad to rest; but she had to put her shoulder to the wheel again. There was no help.

And still no tidings of Memnon the Steadfast.

Then it was that Arria first became a woman who worked—joined the innumerable host of struggling, anxious, underpaid, weary women, so many of whom, alas! die of slow torture, and the story of whose martyrdom is never written.—The weary women who live in a world of their own, and belong not to the same race as the women of the gay world, the dainty, shallow idlers who deck themselves for the admiration of asses and asses' colts, and then sign and circulate petitions against granting human rights to struggling working women. It is insufferable impudence.

For the first time in her life, Arria saw dimly why the talent for fantastic sketches had been confided to her. After a time that talent earned bread for Arria and her little boy. It was hard work and slow, not only at first, but all through, for Arria was not a genius, except in a very limited degree. Worse than that, she was not ambitious, except to take care of herself and little Paul. But she was industrious and conscientious, as far as she went, and not a bit conceited.

She sang in a church-choir on Sundays and sketched illustrations, fanciful and comic, for pictorial magazines and newspapers, through the week. She would not burden Aunt Beck with her support, after Aunt Beck's loss, and old Esterwald, on his part, only raved and stormed, and swore he would not give her a penny, even to save her life, until she returned to her husband's roof. She could not do that. So she worked for her living. As the months went on, while Arria worked, she seemed to be transformed. The gay, garish robes of the masquerader fell off from about her, and left her revealed in her own proper dress, a brave, gentle, earnest woman, standing on the stage of real life.

Oh! there is a gallant joy in earning your own living! A brave pleasure in working and getting paid for it, in going down among the realities and fighting for life, striking the world back when it hits you, measuring your own powers with other people's, standing on your own feet with nobody else holding your up! The days wherein you can do this are surely your best days, surely your happiest days.

So Arria found for herself. She grew to be strong and self-dependent. Her very body seemed to grow larger and taller, with the burdens put upon it. Her intellect and imagination, thriving with the healthy exercise, developed in a wonderful manner, surprising to herself. Arria became fond of reading and study, and all the vanity and shallowness of the petted child disappeared by degrees. Arria became acquainted with a stranger who was herself. And in finding out herself, in learning what she could do and could not do, she learned to be both brave and modest. "Courage and modesty are the surest virtues," says Goethe.

Yet there were many times when Arria was fearfully blue, as she called it. It could not have been otherwise. Sometimes when the day's work was done, and Arria was alone in the evening with little Paul, sorrowful thoughts would come. Heart-breaking thoughts, sometimes, of her home, of her loneliness, of poor Louis beating his soul against its prison-bars in a mad-house, came surging her memory in a dark, sullen flood which would not ebb. Sorrowful thoughts, too, of one other, dead now, they told her, and no man knew the place of his grave, of one other who, in this life, had been to Arria the knight and hero of all the world. But he was peacefully at rest now, while she worked on alone; just as he had worked on before her, often in sorrow, often in despair and darkness, and always alone.

For poor little Arria, after all these years, still loved John Goodheart.

But Arria always fought the sorrowful thoughts bravely. Often she read, during these weary evenings, sometimes history and tales of travel, sometimes romance or poetry, and sometimes she studied. But whatever she read and whatever she studied, there was always something to remind her of Memnon the Steadfast, whom, now that he was dead, it was no longer sin to remember. If she studied, she could but remember how he had studied on alone, so long; if she read tales of travel and adventure, it reminded her of the daring traveller who had lost his brave life in the unknown wilderness. And sometimes she marked with her pencil little passages and scraps of poetry, like a school-girl.

Still, at times, the sorrowful thoughts became almost too great for endurance. Then Arria would fold little Paul in her arms, close up to her heart, and rock him back and forth in her low rocking chair, and tell him fairy stories. Or anon she sang to him, when her heart was not too sad and too full, till little Paul's head lay still on her shoulder, and the sleepy blue eyes were fast shut in slumber. At that, Arria, still holding her baby in her arms, would close her own eyes and dream a beautiful waking dream, build gorgeous, glorious castles in the air, and people them with herself and the few people whom she had loved best in her life. Sometimes the air-castle was a ship on the water, and she and her friends were sailing across a blue ocean, with beautiful fairies in the ship's rigging, and water sprites clinging to the ship's sides with their hands and white arms, shaking rainbow drops from their long, shining hair.

"When I'm so blue and so fretted that I don't know what to do with myself, I just shut my eyes and build an air castle," she wrote to Aunt Beck.

A letter came for her one day, in the midst of one of these times of deepest, sorrowfullest depression and gloom. A letter from Aunt Beck, who told her she was free. Aunt Beck mentioned all the particulars known of the tragical death of Louis. But his body had been recovered and brought home, to be buried in a manner befitting an heir of the great house of Esterwald. And Arria bowed her head upon her hand, and shed tears, even while she thanked God that the sorely-tried spirit had found peace at last. The next day she went to Clydesville to attend the funeral of her late husband.

It was a grand funeral, the grandest funeral Clydesville had ever witnessed. Old Manuel Esterwald had an opportunity to display all the inherent love of pomp and display in his nature. High-stepping black horses champed their silver bits, and sniffed the air with their impatient nostrils. A bewildering cloud of crape streamers, waving black plumes and silver trappings covered the magnificent hearse and carriages, and a pall of costliest velvet shrouded the rich coffin which held the mortal remains of Louis Esterwald. He rested in that grand coffin more quietly than he had ever rested in life, poor soul! The same look of a sudden great joy and a sudden great light was shining in the beautiful classic face still.

I believe Manuel Esterwald enjoyed the funeral of his own son.

Early next day after the burial, Arria sat with her son in Aunt Beck's parlor, a fragile, graceful little woman, pale and quiet in her heavy black robes. She held the child's hand in her own, and told him a sad little story. It was all she could tell him. As she thus sat, Aunt Beck entered the room, with a serious face, but yet a face which could not quite conceal an expression of comic sarcasm.

"The Grand Mogul advances," she said. "Room for the Grand Mogul!"

The next moment old Manuel Esterwald came strutting and puffing in. He had come to make a proposition to her, and tell her what he would do for her.

He had concluded to send her and little Paul to Hungary, he said, pompously. He would do a grand thing by her; would dower her magnificently. He would give her the castle and grounds of Weissenhauser. She and little Paul should go there, to the native home of the Esterwalds, and live in the grand castle; and Paul should be educated in Europe, as was fitting an esterwald, the heir of a noble house. But there was one little thing. For sixty years the ruling house of Austria had been the patrons and protectors of the Esterwalds. On the other hand the Esterwalds, on their part, had changed their theology, he explained; in point of fact, had adopted the religion of the House of Austria. Riches, ease, honor, and the title of Countess awaited Arria in Hungary, on this simple condition: She should abjure the Protestant faith and be received into the bosom of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

"Sir, I—I do not understand," said Arria.

"Hitherto you have been a Protestant," said Manual Esterwald, loftily. "It is my desire that you embrace the religion of the Holy Mother Church. Obey me, and you are a Countess, and the noble inheritance of Weissenhauser is yours."

"But you surely don't mean that I shall change my religion just to get money," said Arria, hotly.

"I presume I have made my meaning sufficiently clear," said he.

At that the soul of little Arria spoke out, lighting her eyes and flaming up in her pale cheeks.

"Sir," said she, with a dignity in her eye and tone quite new and strange to Father Manuel Esterwald, "I know that I am poor and ignorant. I have nothing but my two hands to earn bread for myself and little Paul. And I havn't much religion. But I will starve before I will change that religion to get money."

Even old Manuel Esterwald slunk back abashed before the bright, earnest eyes of his timid, childish little daughter-in-law, so brave is honesty, and so cowardly is meanness and dishonesty.

Next day Arria and little Paul went back to the smoky, roaring city, Arria to take up her work just where she had laid it down. Manuel Esterwald, enraged at the refusal to obey him, enraged all the more because that refusal silently taunted him with his own falseness and lack of principle, gave her not a dollar, nor a penny, even to buy mourning garments to wear for his son. So Arria went back and took up her work again. She had thrown away a fortune and a title for conscience' sake, little dreaming she was a heroine. Some more months passed away for her and little Paul, when one day the door opened softly, and who should come in but Aunt Beck herself, looking very pale and worn. She sank into a chair in a faint, tired way, without speaking at all for a moment.

"Arria," said she, presently, "I've had more laid upon me than I can bear. I want you to come home with me. I think I'm going to have a sick spell."

To Arria's exclamations of surprise and questions of how she came to be in the city, she gave no answer except that she had come on business, and had never been so tired in her life. Arria went home with her, taking little Paul and the sketching pencils. Aunt Beck could scarcely walk or stand, when they reached home, and Arria helped her to her own room, undressed the weary limbs tenderly, and sent for the doctor. Aunt Beck had a very sick spell indeed.

CHAPTER XVII.

REBECCA STONE.

"Not a bad tongue," says the doctor. "It is sometimes," faintly replied Aunt Beck.

They were the first words she had spoken for days; and Arria could not help laughing at the characteristic remark, even with the anxious, uncertain fear at her heart.

Aunt Beck had been very ill. Her life was despaired of, at first. She seemed to have broken down all over at once, under some extraordinary pressure of work or trouble. And, indeed, she had had both work and trouble in the last two years. For months after she began to recover, she moped about in a weak, uncertain way, very different from the former brave, wide awake Aunt Beck. And all the time her heart was aching and mourning for lost John Goodheart. A strange hallucination seemed to have got hold of her,—the belief that Memnon the Steadfast was yet alive, and that some evening at last the door would open, and the beloved lost one would come into the house, and back home to stay.

"He is not dead," she would say. I know he is not dead. He told me he would come back, and John Goodheart never told a falsehood."

One evening, after Aunt Beck seemed to be recovering, two young men of the village came to see her. They had been pupils and near friends of John Goodheart. In the eyes of these glowing-hearted, imaginative boys, still in the blessed years when a human being can be a hero-worshiper, John Goodheart had been a second King Arthur, born leader of men. Their affectionate hearts and vivid young imaginations invested him with all the splendor of a hero of older romance. And I don't know but they were right. They had never ceased to pine for their leader and hero. They, too with faithful Aunt Beck, had never given him up for dead, had clung stubbornly to the hope, yea, the belief, that this leader and hero would come back to his own. And now these two faithful hearts resolved to go on a quest to find Memnon the Steadfast, dead or alive.

If he is dead, we shall search out the place of his grave; if alive, we shall bring him back home with us," they said to Aunt Beck.

As time went on, Aunt Beck, though she grew somewhat better, still remained weak and helpless. And she never was quite well again. Arria staid with her, taking care of her faithfully, and being really skillful and industrious, greatly to the astonishment not only of old Clarissa, but of Aunt Beck herself, who confessed she never would have believed Arria could be so handy, if anybody had told it to her. As for young Paul, young Paul developed into a most perverse little scamp. He seemed inately to run to mischief, daring, destructive mischief. He was a very loud and healthy child, and worried old Clarissa from morning till night, and gloried in it. At first Clarissa tried to make friends with him, but young Paul was one of those uproarious masculine children who will not take petting. One night when Aunt Beck was very ill, and Arria had to watch with the nurse, Clarissa undertook the charge of Paul. At least she tried to undertake it. She removed his bed into her room, and sought to hush him to sleep. But he had made up his mind not to be hushed, and not to stay with Clarissa.

"Wait till you get white; *then* I sleep with you," he said, making a rush for the open door, and not stopping in his flight till he gained the protecting arms of Arria.

"Now, there's that Clarissa again," exclaimed the young culprit, catching sight of her coming after him. "I don't like Clarissa, mamma. She all the time quarls me."

"You young debbil!" ejaculated Clarissa, shaking her fist at him.

Young Paul "quarled" poor old Clarissa till the old soul was well-nigh vexed out of her. He was no child saint, was young Paul—none of the Sunday-school book babies who imbibe precocious piety with their pap and paregoric, and happily die young and go to heaven. On the contrary he was a perfect little heathen, Aunt Beck said. If there was a hen's nest within reach of him, young Paul robbed it; if there was a poor little chicken which could possibly be caught, young Paul forthwith caught it, and embraced it so affectionately that he speedily choked it to death, spite of the oft-reiterated assertions of Clarissa that the old hen would scratch his eyes out. If there was a "bad word" to be picked up anywhere at all, young Paul straightway heard, remembered, and repeated it before company. One day the minister called, and was talking gravely to Aunt Beck and Arria. Little Paul had been unusually quiet for some minutes, quite a proper child; but he spoiled it all in a moment, horrified the minister, put Arria to shame, and caused wicked Aunt Beck to laugh immoderately, by remarking very soberly:

"Mamma, I wish I would hurry and get to be a man."

"What for, Paul?" asked Arria.

"So I could say '*damn it*,' replied the little barbarian.

"I have an infinite fellow-feeling for that child," said Aunt Beck.

But the minister took his leave, shortly.

As for Arria, whenever she thought seriously about her son, she always felt thankful in her heart, remembering the fate of his father, that Paul was just such a stormy little heathen as he was, without much imagination, with a very practical turn of mind, and as far as she could discern, not a trace of musical ability in him. It was better, far better.

Aunt Beck held stubbornly to the belief that John Goodheart would return, hoping against hope. For a long time nothing had been heard of the two friends who went to find him. At St. Paul they had written that they were about to set out on their journey towards the north-west, still firm in their determination never to return till they had found him or his grave. They travelled for fifteen hundred miles through the pathless wilderness, at each mile looking for traces of the lost one.

Dare we say they found him? Dare we say that, mourned for, waited for, wept for, lost and given up for dead, he was yet rescued and brought back by his two heroic friends, back to the home which had fared so ill without him, back to those who, now that he was no more with them, knew full well what they had lost, in him who had been their best friend, the brave, strong, hopeful young spirit that he had worked so faithfully for them and with them, cheerfully using for their good the best gifts God had granted him, cheerfully giving up to them the best time and knowledge. Even thus cheerfully he would have given up his life for his fellow-man. So dear had his memory become, that if the sacrifice of even like could have brought him back more than two or three would have been found willing to give up their lives for Memnon the Steadfast. Ah! if he could only have come back!

Well he did come back. One summer night, away on the far southern wilderness, among his Indians, in a tent with two slumbering red men, he was singularly wakeful and restless. He could not sleep, and he did not know why. In the uneasy, nervous state in which he found himself, the sense of hearing became painfully acute. Every sound seemed to be curiously magnified. Suddenly a strange cry attracted his attention. It sounded like the prolonged, quivering note of the night owl. It was repeated. The heart of Memnon the Steadfast bounded in his breast! I do not know if there are ever really genuine presentments or not. But I know there was something in that quivering bird cry which sent strange thoughts flashing through John Goodheart's hot brain, thoughts of his lost home and friends. The third time was the call repeated. John Goodheart moved softly over the bodies of the sleeping Indians, and grouped his way outside the tent. He seemed to be smothering, so fiercely and hotly his breath went and came. He walked lightly away from the tent, a hundred steps or more, and then tremblingly answered the owl cry. Again and for the fourth time the note was repeated, and this time he fancied he detected the unmistakable tones of a human voice.

He went toward the sound, slowly and cautiously, repeating it himself, now and then, so as not to lose himself, and each time being answered back, with the cry sounding nearer and nearer. Suddenly he found himself in a slight opening in the woods, and that instant the forms of three men emerged from the darkness and stood before him.

"Who are you?" said a voice in English.

"I am John Goodheart."

Two young men sprang forward and clasped him in their arms.

"Thank God, it is our beloved master!"

So, for the first time in more than two weary years, Memnon, the Steadfast, beheld the faces of white men, and two of these faces were two of the very few faces dearest to him on earth. At St. Paul the brave boys had secured the services of a guide, a hunter and trapper of forty years, and the three alone had searched for and found John Goodheart.

"We heard at St. Paul that a white man had been heard of, living alone away off among the Northern Indians, who held him prisoner. We had a faint hope it might be our teacher and friend, and with this hope we have traveled on till we found you."

Some tears slowly filled John Goodheart's eyes, and dropped down over his bronze cheeks.

"My brave boys," said he, "I was not worth it."

"If we had had fifty lives instead of two, your one life would have been worth more than them all," they answered.

They set out, without a moment's delay, on the slow and dangerous journey homeward, for they knew that, with the morning light, the Indians would start in pursuit. But they reached home in safety. Through perils seen and unseen, amid dangers before and behind them, they passed unharmed.

For weeks, faithful Aunt Beck had been watching for them. She had somehow fallen into the habit of sitting at the low window, at sunset every evening, and looking out long and earnestly. She said she was looking at the clouds, but Arria and the rest knew well that she was watching for Memnon. Every evening she drew her chair to that window, and still seemed watching for somebody who did not come. Once she said:

"When he was a little boy, a busy little shaver running about and playing all day, he used to come in at sunset, tired and hungry, and lean his head against my knees, and say to me: 'Aunt Beck, I want some bread and milk.' He always liked bread and milk best. I am sure he will come back. I think he will come about sunset some day. And maybe my big, brown-bearded man will come and ask me for some supper, just as he used to do."

And so he did.

One evening, just as they were at tea, a step sounded on the stone pavement. The very sound of that step set the two women's hearts to beating wildly. A light knock came on the door, then the door opened, a manly form stood there, and a manly, tender voice called Aunt Beck by name. For the first and only time in her life, Aunt Beck fainted quite away. She was weak and easily startled since she had been ill. But brave Memnon caught her in his strong arms, and the first thing she heard when she came to herself was the beloved voice telling her not to faint, for she was to give him his supper, and he wanted some bread and Alderney milk.

The king had come to his own again!

But from that day brave old Aunt Beck failed rapidly. Indeed she told them that nothing but the hope of seeing John Goodheart had kept her alive thus long. There was something about her declining health which the doctor confessed he could not understand. She seemed to have given away all at once, and completely, without any reason for it, that the doctor could tell. She had always worked hard, always had care and trouble, to be sure, but that alone could not have prevented her from living at least twenty years longer. The doctor was puzzled. But they found it all out after Aunt Beck was gone.

She seemed to be perfectly happy and contented, with Arria and John Goodheart. Sometimes she would ride with them, or take short walks, when she felt strong enough, and sometimes she would sit at her favorite west window reading, now and then for two hours at a time.—She had long since given up all active supervision of her farm, and now since Memnon had come, she seemed scarcely to know she had a farm. She took great delight in reading, sometimes her own old books, sometimes new books which Arria and Memnon brought her, and sometimes Arria's books which Aunt Beck had sent for from the city. Her neice had very shallow taste in literature, Aunt Beck said. She used to laugh at Arria's sentimental habit of marking passages which had pleased or interested her.

"Come here, Arria," said Aunt Beck, one day.

Arria came.

"Did you mark this verse?" said Aunt Beck, eyeing her keenly.

Arria looked at the book. It was Miss De Vere's poems.

"Why, I marked everything in it, that is marked," she answered.

"What did you mean by this?" asked Aunt Beck.

Arria looked, and read, blushing crimson under the shrewd blue eyes as she read:

"You will pardon me then,—
And you will understand
That my soul is yours,—
Not my hand."

Arria did not answer. Had Aunt Beck discovered the secret of her life at last? Aunt Beck spoke again.

"Did you mean it for my Memnon? Tell me child, and tell me the truth. It will do you no harm to gratify a feeble old woman's whim. Was it truly my Memnon?"

Arria's eyes filled with tears.

"It was Memnon," she answered.

When she went to look for the book and hide it away where no mortal eye should ever see it again, she could not find it, and she would not venture to ask Aunt Beck for it.

Only two months after the return of John Goodheart, faithful, strong-hearted Rebecca Stone died, very peacefully and in full possession of all her senses. Her life had been a hard one, she said, and the world had not dealt fairly with her, sometimes, but looking back over it, she did not know, after all, that she would have had it changed in any particular. She wished to die at peace with all mankind, asking forgiveness of those whom she had wronged, and forgiving, as she hoped to be forgiven in heaven, all those who had injured her. And there were some who had done her a hurt, in this world. She gave full directions for her burial.

"It is my desire," she said, "that my will shall not be opened till three months after my death. Until that time, I wish John Goodheart to transact the business of my farm and property, to the best of his knowledge, just as I would do it myself, if I were alive and well. I leave the care of my business papers to John Goodheart, my private papers to my niece, Arria Stone Esterwald. She will find them in the little mahogany box, on the shelf in my room. I herewith give her the key. I do not wish her to reveal the contents of those papers until the day my will is read. There is but one thing more: After I am dead, Susanna Page will wish, according to the custom of the country people hereabouts, to prepare my body for burial. I request that she do not touch my corpse. I do not hold spite, and I hope I have no grudge against any human creatur; but I think I could not rest comfortably in my grave, if Susanna Page dressed me in my last garments. It is my desire that my niece Arria prepare my mortal remains for burial."

She called Arria and John Goodheart the day she died, and kept them with her till the last. She was happier, that day of her death, than she had ever been any day of her life, she told them, far happier. She had missed some things in this life, some things which would have been very dear to her, and given her a great joy, but in the world she was about to enter, they would be all made up to her—all. She believed that. She thanked them for their loving care of her, a cross old woman—for the tenderness with which they had smoothed her pathway to the grave.

"I have not deserved it, my dear ones," she said faintly, but still with a gentle, kindly smile.

And even then, when they could not speak or even look at her, for the blinding tears, with the last exertion of her mortal strength, she lifted the cold little hand of Arria and laid it in the hand of John Goodheart.

"My dear ones," she said, "it is all bright before you two and me."

These were the last words she ever spoke.

So Rebecca Stone died and was buried.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CASTLE WEISSENHAUSER.

We walk o'er graves as we go.
Year by year a few of the old players glide behind the curtain, and no encores, however loud and eager, no gifts or plaudits of approval can ever bring them back. Whether they have played their part well or ill; whether it be hissing of tongues or clapping of hands which follows them, they give alike no sign. They appear no more forever on the stage of life.

Year by year some new players come before the curtain, make their bow and say their say; and are welcomed or snubbed, according as they play a true and generous part, or a bad and selfish part. It is right that it should be so.

Shortly after Rebecca Stone's death, Manuel Esterwald died also. If they have gone to the same heaven, I have no doubt but they entertain a sincere dislike for each other still.

Arria returned to the city after her aunt's death, and once more and for the third time the brave little woman took up her work alone. She carried with her the casket which held her aunt's private papers. The contents of those papers will be made known to you in due time. Of course you guess, to some extent, what the end of the story will be. Well, I don't deny but you are guessing rightly. But don't on that account throw the paper aside, thinking you know all that is to come. Because you don't. Read me to the end, I pray you. I fancy there are a few things yet to come which you can't possibly have guessed out. I fancy thus because, to tell the truth, I myself did not guess them out till the story was half finished.

One day Arria, busy at her work received word calling her instantly to Clydesville, to the death bed of Manuel Esterwald. He had sent an urgent and pressing request, and even a message to bring her at once. The messenger was John Goodheart. Arria started to go immediately, but Manuel Esterwald had departed this life before his daughter-in-law reached him. She and John Goodheart arrived in time to take charge of the funeral arrangements, however, and to see that the old Count was carried to his last resting-place with all proper pomp and ceremony. If departed spirits have sometimes the power to hover about those whom they knew on earth, if, as our friends the spiritualists aver, dead people attend their own funerals, then Manuel Esterwald must have been gratified beyond measure, to see how beautifully they buried him. There was not an item omitted which he would have wished put in, not a word left unsaid which he would have wished spoken.

Altogther, it was a highly successful funeral.

[TO BE CONTINUED.

Fame.

In the May number of the *Atlantic* are two poems, which suggest the old phrase, "such is fame." The first, entitled "Vox Populi" is by LONGFELLOW:

VOX POPULI.

When Mazarvan, the Magician,
Journeyed westward through Cathay,
Nothing heard he but the praises
Of Baldoura on his way.

But the lessening rumor ended
When he came to Khaldean;
There the folk were talking only
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets;
Every province hath its own;
Camaralzaman is famous
Where Badoura is unknown.

FAME.

"Colored son of Carolina,
John G. Whittier was thy friend;
In thy darkest days of danger
He stood by thee to defend.

"To thy cause he gave his genius,
And the influence of his fame;
Speak, and tell me, dusky brother,
Hast thou ever heard his name?"

Spake the son of Carolina,
With an elbow on each knee:
"Never heerd the name o' Whittyar—
T'ink I heerd, tho, o' John G."

Professor Mather's Interview with the Murderer Rulloff.

Professor Mather, of Amherst College, writes to the Springfield *Republican* a full account of his recent interview with Rulloff in the jail at Binghamton. He says:

On one or two passages of "Homer," in particular, Rulloff showed great acuteness of criticism and a most thorough appreciation of the grandeur of the sentiment. One or two renderings of President Felton, he opposed most vigorously, and when I supported the common version he quoted from a vast range of classics to confirm his view.

His theory of language I cannot enter upon here, for it is too subtle for the general reader. It is very original, is quite contrary to the established views upon comparative philology, and probably will never be of any practical use. Most persons think him a monomaniac upon this, and certainly his enthusiasm is most remarkable. He sat there in his chains, just sentenced by the highest court to die on the gallows, and without a word, or apparently a thought about his doom, he argued and plead for his favorite theory as though he was wrestling for his life and was determined to win it.

He is anxious to have philologists examine the manuscript of his work. He urged me to come with several such men, and take time to see whether his theory is true. He asked my pardon for the apparent dogmatism of the statement, but said he felt convinced this theory of language was a special revelation to him, and that perhaps a hundred years might elapse ere it would be known again, and then added significantly, "And you know that whatever is done must be done quickly."

In person this strange man is about middle height and of robust build, and is apparently verging on fifty years of age, not at all the broken old man he has been represented. He has a singular face, not villainous or grossly sensual, nor is it scholarly. The features are strongly marked and full of sinister meaning. It is a face that you could not forget, and yet you would not care to think about. His eye, which is a dark hazel, I heard was the striking feature, but it did not impress me so, perhaps because it showed struggling and suffering. The bad lines in his face to me were about his chin and forehead, and his neck is very short, and stout and heavy. In manners he is very urbane and natural, and he converses with great ease and elegance. His voice is mellow and pleasant, and occasionally showed tones of tenderness. But for all that I do not believe the man has any tenderness save for language. In looking at him you would never imagine him as loving any human being, and you would be sure that his hatred would be implacable. He is certainly an enigma, and offers in himself a powerful argument against the theory that education is alone sufficient to lead to true manhood.

Religious Reading.

FAINT, YET PURSUING.

BY MARIE BELL.

Longing, with misty eyes,
For the blest boon I seek,
Hiding within my breast
Words that I cannot speak.

Full many a prayer I pour
Into his listening ear,
Telling him all my need,
Doth not a Father hear?

Is Heaven so far away?
Will not his watchful eye,
Noting the sparrow's fall,
See when his children cry?

Surely, I have "believed,"
Clinging, tho' tempted sore,
Fast to the promises,
Leaning on Jesus more.

Planting my slipping feet,
Bidding fresh doubts be quelled,
Clasping anew his hand,
"Holding and being held."

Answer there cometh none
Waiting and weary I,
Brother of longing men!
Let not my courage die.

Help me to wait thy time,
Help me to choose thy way,
Sure of my loving God,
E'en in the darkest day.

Rest quiet here, my soul!
Bid every doubt be still!
Cheering the lonely ones:
Doing thy Father's will.

What tho' the answer waits?
He knoweth all thy needs;
What though the path be rough,
Since it to glory leads?

The Jews have a proverb that alms are the salt of riches.

They that will not be counselled cannot be helped.

A quaint old Scotch proverb runs thus: "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy."

There is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend, or so much your enemy, as yourself.

Chrysostom advices to keep a box for charities in the place where one usually prays, and always begin the devotions by a gift to the needy.

It is a sad thing when Christians borrow spectacles to behold their weak brethren's weakness, and refuse looking glasses wherein they may see their weak brethren's graces.

Christians pray with outspread, because clean hands; with uncovered head, because they are not ashamed; and without the aid of a prompter, because we pray from the heart.—*Tertullian.*

If we are to be pained, harassed and obstructed in our course by the voices around us, we thereby put our happiness and our very usefulness at the mercy of our enemies and the enemies of the truth. —*Dr. J. W. Alexander.*

If infidelity, indifference, skepticism, sweep secretly the breadth and depth of Christendom, 'tis but the binding spell of these superstitions about the name of One whom the love and admiration of all good men hold precious, and will not let perish from love and remembrance.—*Alcott.*

The moral world is as much superior to the natural as the house is to the steps that lead up to it. This solid, rock-ribbed earth beneath, our feet, and the altitudes above us, around us, and beneath, strewn with flaming worlds, are no more than the decoration of the chamber where the Father meets his household, and opens to them the thoughts of his heart.

The most potent, permanent, penetrating influence for good is a holy, consistent Christ-like life. Books only exert an influence when read. Sermons can only do good when heard, and not always then; but purity and goodness and grace exemplified, accomplish much by their presence.

Many may not be able to speak eloquently, or write elegantly, or work vigorously, or give largely; but all may live nobly, and, therefore, happily and healthfully. Though one may not shine in splendor like a sun, he may sparkle as a star. If he cannot shed forth the effulgence of a revolving lantern on the summit of a tower, he may blaze as a torch on a projecting headland, flame as a lamp at a pier, and shine as a candle in a window.

There are monuments to be found to every Pharaoh save the one who perished in the Red Sea! Concerning him two stones have been found narrating many of his exploits, but each ends with, "and——," a long black line succeeding. Every other of the Pharaohs we find was succeeded by his eldest son, according to the law of Egypt; but of this Pharaoh it is expressly said that he was succeeded by his second son; while no account whatever remains of the first son. What astonishing confirmations of Scripture are there!—*Dr. Cumming.*

We see not in life the end of human actions—the influence never dies. In ever widening circumstances it reaches beyond the grave. Time determines what shall be our condition in a future world. Every morning when we go forth we lay the moulding hand of destiny on our character. We touch no wire but vibrates in eternity. We utter no voice but reports at the throne of God. Let youth especially think of these things, and let every one remember that in this world character is in its formation state. It is a serious thing to think, to speak, to act.—*Patrick Henry.*

SILENT INFLUENCE.—If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid be exposed for some minutes in the sunshine and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key removed, a faint specter of the key will be visible. Let this paper be laid aside for many months where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, and the specter of the key will appear. This is equally true of our minds. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word of tone we hear, leaves its image on our brain. These traces, which under ordinary circumstances are invisible, never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement start into prominence just as the spectral image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influence to which we are subjected.

The Governor of Wisconsin has been informed officially, that the District Attorney of the United States has directed the United States District Attorney of Minnesota to file a bill enjoining the construction of the canal across Minnesota Point at Duluth. It is claimed that had this canal been allowed to proceed it would have changed the current of the St. Louis river and ruined the harbor at Superior City.

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. F. JONES
MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY MAY 4, 1871.

THE RIGHT OF WOMEN TO VOTE.

There are two ways of gaining possession of rights or privileges under the Constitution of the United States, one is by way of legislation, and the other by judicial decisions. The latter would seem to be the shortest cut to conclusions on questions of liberty and of suffrage, but such does not seem to have been the experience in our political history. It would seem as if eight or nine men on the Supreme bench, accustomed to construe language, and to interpret and administer the law, in accordance to both the letter and spirit thereof, could decide a question such as the ladies of the District of Columbia are about to bring before them, in much less time than it would take to convert half the nation to their views. But we doubt whether the road which seems so short and easy will ever lead the women of the District of Columbia, or of the States, to the ballot-box.

We do not say this from any lack of faith in the argument which Mr. RIDDLE and his associates have made, or may make, on their behalf, as the counsel representing their cause. We have before us Mr. RIDDLE'S speech before the Judiciary Committee of Congress, on behalf of the right of women to vote under the Constitution as it now stands. We have no doubt of the strength and appropriateness of the claim on their behalf. But the judicial branch of the government moves slowly in the direction of enlarging the area of privilege, or overturning venerable traditions or usages. We had no doubt that slavery was outlawed by the Constitution from the time it went into effect, but the Judges never could see it in that light, but on the contrary, quite the reverse. Events and convictions change the will of the masses of the people even more quickly and thoroughly than can the most erudite and cogent arguments move conservative Judges out of the customary ruts of tradition and precedent. Slavery has not been eliminated from the Constitution, for, as we judge, it never was there, but from the country, by legislative action. The fourteenth amendment, as we understand it, clothed the colored man with the privileges and comunities of citizenship, but the fifteenth amendment had to be adopted to put its meaning beyond a peradventure.

Mr. RIDDLE intends to demand of the Federal Courts a recognition of woman's right to vote. His line of argument is indicated in his speech before the Judiciary Committee. We have more faith in the power of his argument to convince the public mind than we have in its influence over the courts. But we hope the cases may be pressed to a decision. When the way is definitely closed in one direction it will be opened in another. Let the cause move forward. The right will triumph in the end.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

Dr. LIEBER, of the Mexican Claims Commission, has recently pronounced an opinion introducing some new principles of international law in its application to citizenship. The Mexican Constitution make it quite easy for aliens by birth to become citizens, as it provides that whoever purchases real estate in Mexico shall, by virtue of that act become a citizen of that country. During and since the rebellion there has been a large emigration from the Southern States to Mexico, most of which emigrants invested in land immediately upon their arrival there. A large majority of cases which have sought arbitration at the hands of the present commission have come from these parties, and they have continually met with the objection on the part of Caleb Cushing, the attorney for Mexico, that having become Mexican citizens by purchasing land there, the Commission had no jurisdiction to consider their claims. As this view of the case would debar at least two-thirds of the claimants from further hearing if sustained by Dr. Lieber, much interest is attached to his opinion. He took the ground that no one could become a citizen of a foreign state involuntarily, hence the proviso in the Mexican Constitution had no application so far as the Commission was concerned. He also ruled that where a person declared his intention of becoming an American citizen, it is sufficient to enable him to present a claim to the Commission. These decisions open up a large class of claims which heretofore have been entirely excluded, and which amount, in the aggregate, to many million of dollars.

☞ Articles of incorporation have been filed with the Indiana Secretary of State, for the Lake Erie, Evansville and Southwestern, and Evansville, Crawfordsville, Kokomo and Toledo Railroad. The former will be built from Evansville to the Ohio State line at Coolege Corner, connecting with the Lake Shore, Louisville and Southwestern Railroad.

Among the American Episcopal Bishops with whom the English Bible Revision Commission have been in correspondence, favorable answers have been sent from North Carolina, Kentucky, Easton, Assistant Maryland, Missouri, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Vermont and Wisconsin. Other letters, more or less favorable, at any rate not in opposition, have been received from the Bishops of Connecticut, South Carolina, Albany, Maryland and Pittsburg. The correspondence, however, is a unit with reference to the Unitarian member of the revision committee, and on what has since been notorious as "The Westminster Scandal"—the admission to the communion of the church of the gentleman in question. It is also decided and outspoken on the right of the Anglican communion in the new work to be represented on the committee before the Protestant dissenters.

Mrs. Fair, the California murderess, has been convicted of murder in the first degree.

SHIP BUILDING.

A movement of very great importance to the commercial interests of the country bids fair to be inaugurated at the next session of Congress. The Senate recently adopted a resolution directing the Secretary of the Navy to communicate to that body such proposals as had been made to him for establishing iron ship-building yards and docks to economise expenditures in the navy, together with such recommendations and suggestions as in his judgment would be of advantage to the government, and assist in restoring commerce. The reply of the Secretary, made on the day of adjournment, strongly urges the construction of such docks and yards, and shows that they would result in great advantage to the country. He points out that we have iron ores which will produce iron of much greater tenacious strength and power of resistance than the iron of Great Britain, at no heavier expense than the difference in the cost of labor, and that this superior strength will equalize the difference in cost by lessening the weight of machinery. It is shown also, that by the further gain of facilities afforded in building docks of this character, the cost of ships of 3,000 tons and upward will be reduced to the cost of those built in Europe. It is urged that one ship-building yard, with concentrated facilities, and operated with due economy, will so far demonstrate our ability to compete successfully with our commercial rivals as to give a strong impetus to ship-building throughout the country, with its corresponding revival of commerce. It is understood that this report is to be acted upon at an early stage of the next session of Congress. In the meantime Secretary ROBESON proposes to effect the ground work of a system for the establishment of lines of ocean steamers, adapted to the double purpose of commerce in times of peace, and for naval militia in time of war. This is a movement of great value and we are glad to observe that the Secretary speaks so strongly in its favor. We have no doubt that the creation of a building yard of the character proposed would greatly encourage and stimulate our shipbuilders and largely conduce to place the United States in the position which they ought to occupy—that of the first commercial and naval power among the nations.

☞ The instructions issued by the Treasury Department in pursuance of the resolutions passed by Congress in reference to the transit of goods in bond to some of the important cities in the West without breaking bulk, have in view the removal of a difficulty found to exist where a break of gauge renders trans-shipment necessary. The regulations provide that in case the route for the transportation is over railways of different gauge, or in part by railroad and in part by steamboat lines, special application for permission to use cars or boxes of such size that they can be conveniently placed within an ordinary box freight car, will be considered by the department, and granted in cases where necessity of the business may require and the safety of the receiver will permit. Such small cars or boxes must be made of iron, and in dimension shall not be less than three feet in length, and so constructed that the merchandise can be conveyed therein under treasury locks as required by law and the regulations where duty is authorized. Such small cars or boxes may, in case of break or difference of guage of railways, be transferred or removed, with the contents thereof intact, from one ordinary railroad car to another, and also from railroad cars to steamboats, and *vice versa*, both forming parts of the same bonded line and route; but the merchandise must not be unladen from such cars or boxes, which are not to be either opened or unlocked between the ports of first arrival and of final destination.

An old citizen of Morrisville, Vt., and his wife died very suddenly on the evening of the 4th inst., within ten minutes of each other. He was eighty-nine and she eighty-four years of age. A lady living with them left them for a few minutes, the wife lying on the bed and the husband sitting in a chair. When she returned the old lady was dead, and the husband, whom she hesitated to tell, conversed some, and before friends could be summoned, died without knowing that his wife had passed away. They had lived together sixty-four years.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued additional regulations for the transportation of merchandise, without appraisement. Several railroad companies have made application for bonding, so as to be able to carry this class of merchandise from New York to the inland cities. The only roads that have been bonded are the Baltimore and Ohio, Camden and Amboy, Empire Transportation Company, Philadelphia, Boston and Providence. When there is a break or difference of gauge of railway, Congress has authorized the Secretary to employ an agent of the Department to superintend the transfer of goods.

Secretary Boutwell stated yesterday that the new bonds will not be ready for delivery until the middle of May, owing to a delay in the Bank Note Companies who are printing them.

A table prepared at the census office shows the total population of Washington to be 109,199, of which 35,391 are colored. The total foreign population is 13,757; of which 4,133 are Germans; Irish 6,948; English, 1,235. Of those born in the United States Virginia furnishes 5,591; New York 3,301; Massachusetts 1,043; Maryland 8-120.

WASHINGTON NEWS

Chief Justice CHASE is said to have had a very excited controversy with Justice MILLER in their chamber consultations on the legal tender bill. It is said that strong language was used on both sides.

A dispatch received from Mr. Washburne concerning the affairs in Paris, states that the people are despondent, and that no man has yet appeared with sufficient strength to bring order out of the present chaos. There is no present prospect of the restoration of peace, and the indications are that the civil war will continue until the national energies are utterly wasted.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE declaration of the dogma of Papal Infallibility was so important a step, that before its declaration the greatest results were anticipated in the event of its declaration, and no doubt there has been surprise that it should fall apparently so still born. But results of this kind are not immediate, and the dogma is destined to bear fruit, or, like the fabled dragon's teeth when sown, to produce a crop of armed men. Such an army is springing up in Europe now, led by Dr. DOLLINGER, the eminent Bavarian Catholic theologian. His excommunication has attracted so much attention and provoked such a spirit of opposition among the Liberal Catholics of Europe, that many predict from his opposition to the dogma results no less important than those which followed the protest of LUTHER. Dr. DOLLINGER declares that the dogma is unscriptural and that neither as a Christian, a citizen nor a historian can he accept it. Among our morning dispatches is one announcing that forty-four of sixty-six professors in the Munich University have signed an address to the Doctor encouraging him to persevere in his opposition and to constitute himself the champion of liberalism in the Catholic Church. We do not anticipate that Dr. DOLLINGER will become a second MARTIN LUTHER, but we see in this opposition the entering wedge which may cause a considerable schism in the Church or lead to an important liberal reformation in the Church itself, if such a reformation is possible.

THE St. Louis *Democrat* copies our remarks upon the tendency of the grain trade, and again puts in its claim for St. Louis as destined to become the chief grain-receiving city of the West, as follows:

Being a "lake city" it is not to be wondered at that Toledo denies our assumption that the line of grain production is shifting, and that year by year our own receipts will *increase*, while those of Buffalo, Toledo, Chicago and Milwaukee, as primary markets, will *decrease*. Toledo has recently begun to make "some pretentions" concerning the grain trade, and of course does not like to have the conceit taken out of her so easily. But facts are facts, and must be submitted to with such grace as may be mustered for the occasion. Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado will be the great grain-growing States of the West in ten years from now, while Southwest Missouri, Northern Arkansas, Northern Texas, and Eastern New Mexico, will very largely increase their production. This grain will as surely seek St. Louis for a market as the world stands. Much of it will be sent to Europe via the Mississippi; vast quantities of it will be ground into flour and meal in this city and go to the bread-eaters of the Atlantic coast in barrels, and if the Erie and Wabash canal be extended to this city, large quantities will go eastward by lake and canal via Toledo and Buffalo. If not, not. The BLADE will learn all in good time that the *Democrat is right* on this question.

We shall probably not be able to come to an agreement with the *Democrat* on this point. We have admitted a necessary increase of the grain trade of St. Louis from the settlement of the country tributary to that city. We cannot, however, admit a decrease in the trade of the lake cities, nor agree with the *Democrat* that the States tributary to St. Louis are to become the chief grain States of the West. The more Northern States, or those naturally tributary to the lakes, must necessarily remain the chief grain States while the more Southern or those naturally tributary to St. Louis must remain the chief stock-growing States. Texas will remain a cotton and stock State, giving abundant employment to the several beet railroads to which we have elsewhere alluded as in process of construction, while Southern Kansas and the Indian Territory will be more given to stock than to grain. Nor can we admit that the grain trade is shifting away from the lakes, for, as we stated before, the *Democrat's* citation of cities to which the grain trade has shifted, shows that this trade has never left the lake cities, and thus makes a point in our favor and against St. Louis.

But if we cannot agree with the *Democrat* on this points, there is one point upon which we can agree perfectly, viz: the importance of extending the Wabash and Erie Canal to St. Louis. The *Democrat* admits that this would make St. Louis tributary to Toledo. We should not only secure the handling of grain drawn from the very vicinity of St. Louis, but should handle millions of bushels which that city had drawn from regions beyond the reach of the canal. Even from the standpoint of the *Democrat* this is admitted. From our standpoint that the grain trade tends to seek the lakes and to avoid the river or Southern outlet, the importance of this extension is much more apparent.

A COTEMPORARY says: "The Federal government is to be used, under the Ku Klux bills, not to redeem South Carolina from its robbers, but to fasten upon the taxpayers the rule of the scamps who are plundering it. The Federal power will appear in the Southern States, under the Ku Klux bill, as the ally of thieves, the protector of swindlers and the guardian of their plunder."

On the contrary, it is probable that the Ku Klux act will be effectually used in bringing these "scamps" to justice. For example, it is said that the safe of the Treasurer of Abbeville county, South Carolina, was recently robbed of fifteen thousand dollars in money. The crime has been traced to three of these "scamps," brothers of the name of GUFFIN, who were originally from the North. They have been arrested and are now in close confinement. Their cases will probably come before the United States Courts under the Ku Klux bill.

This much-abused bill will no doubt in the end prove to be the best friend of the South. It does not and cannot discriminate between a Republican and a Democratic scamp, and if it suppresses the lawlessness which now curses the South, keeping out millions of capital and thousands of strong-armed laborers, the curses now uttered against it will be turned to blessings.

WE alluded recently to some of the advantages of the cumulative system of voting, or to the evils which it promises to correct. One of these is to relieve elections in a great measure of the bitterness and strife and the subsequent heart-burnings which attend the present system of voting. We quoted from a Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, paper to show that this had been the effect of the adoption of the system in that place. It was adopted there, it seems, at the request of ex-Senator BUCKALEW, who is an earnest advocate of the system, and the experiment has been very satisfactory. Two elections have been held, and Mr. BUCKALEW states that most competent and excellent officers have been secured, and all parties are satisfied with the result. There are three parties in the town, the Democratic, being in a small majority, the regular Republican and a Workingman's party. Under the cumulative system the town council is composed of four Democrats, two Republicans and one Workingman. If the prevailing system had existed, the Democrats would have elected the whole council or the Republicans and Workingmen would have combined and defeated the Democrats altogether. In a letter to the Harrisburg *Patriot*, Mr. BUCKALEW thus speaks of the results of elections held under this system:

"During the administrative year just closed the expenditures of the town have been less than one-half what they were for the previous year before the new organization, although improvements have been made and liberal expenses incurred for proper objects of outlay, including a lock-up and an excellent town map, exhibiting roads, streets, lanes, alleys, lots, etc., based on actual survey. The latter alone cost about $300. In short, the people have had much more of proper results from local administration than the year before, at one half the expense. To a great extent, unquestionably, reformed administration, peaceful and cheap elections, and general good feeling in the town have been secured by the free vote. Four Democrats and three Republicans have constituted the Council, but their action throughout the year has been unselfish, non-partisan, upright and judicious. This accounts for the general acquiescence in their re-election, for the absence of a contest for nominations between the old parties of the town, and for a light vote."

It is evident that in the matter of suffrage there is still ample room for improvement, not only as to the classes to be admitted to the right but in the system of exercising it. The cumulative system is on trial in Illinois and partially in Pennsylvania, and was adopted at the last election at Harvard College. The results have thus far been so satisfactory that we may anticipate a more general trial and possibly its general adoption.

THE Richmond *Enquirer* says that there are forty counties on the market in Virginia, that the lands must be sold, and that there are no buyers. It is fair, therefore, to infer that lands in Virginia can be had at low rates. Indeed, it was stated at the recent meeting held in New York for the establishment of a National Emigration Bureau, that there were only about five or six millions of the eleven millions of acres of cleared land in Virginia under cultivation, and that the idle lands could be had at from $3 to $10 an acre. In Florida, lands can be had at from $2 to $10, by paying one-fourth down.

Notwithstanding the fertility of Southern lands, the inducements of climate, and the low rates at which the lands can be purchased, there are, as the Richmond *Enquirer* says, "no buyers." The reason is so obvious, that the wayfaring emigrant, though he were a fool, need not mistake it. In fact, the Richmond State *Journal*, Southern paper as it is, sees the reason clearly, and does not hesitate to say that men avoid the South on account of the lawlessness which prevails in every State, even in "neutral" Kentucky; in short, that the Ku Klux outrages are turning aside the great stream of labor and capital. The *Journal* says it is a reliable fact that hundreds of Northern men who contemplated investments in the South have been deterred by these outrages.

The greatest sufferers from this state of lawlessness are thus the Southern people themselves. But as a majority of them do not desire an influx of Northern settlers, they probably do not see it in the light of a loss. The more practical and sensible among them, those who are not wholly given over to insane political and social prejudice, desire immigration from the North, and see the great advantages which would follow an infusion of Northern capital and energy. But this class has no power to protect the settler either from social ostracism or Ku Klux outrage. If the Northern man escapes the Ku Klux, and he is liable at any time to be visited by a gang and scourged out of the country or hung to a tree, he must live in a constant state of worry from social proscription and mutual distrust. In short, he settles among people who have been educated into enemies by years of political warfare culminating in a four years' war. This enmity cannot be eradicated in one generation, so that the Northern man who goes South will for the best part of his life be a "spotted" man, and always at a disadvantage in any disputes or difficulties with his neighbors. There is but one way to emigrate to the South, as we have frequently stated, viz: to go in colonies. Where there is a whole community of kindred sentiments, habits and aspirations, the settlers can defend each other and depend upon each other for social and other support. While lands can be had in the West cheaper than they can be had in the South, we see no possible inducement to go South. Not only the soil but society in the West may be said to be in a virgin state. Those who settle there have everything to make and can mould the soil, the State and society as they will. Moreover, they will not be required to pay for land and hold it on condition that they surrender their manhood, suppress all expression of political sentiment, and live a cowed life.

GOSSIP.

Choice beef is sold in Texas at 2½ cents a pound.

"Do write, and fear not," is what the girls say to their correspondents.

Kansas City is to have a stock yard, the macadamizing of which will cost $150,000.

A physician claims that 10,000 women have been squeezed to death by corsets during the last five years.

School Teacher—What is the Prussian Diet? Juvenile Joker—Bologna sausage, lager beer and pretzels.

A monument is to be erected in Trieste to the late Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. It will cost 119,000 francs.

Quebec has now on the stocks eleven ships averaging about 700 tons each, nine barges, four schooners and six steamers.

A Brooklyn clergyman says, with a good deal of truth, that "a man is no better than the newspaper he habitually reads."

Dr. Bush says the reason why Germans die so seldom of consumption is the fact of their singing from their earliest childhood.

Miss Ida Greeley, daughter of Horace Greeley, is said to be one of the most accomplished mathematicians in the United States.

Edwin M. Bacon, for some years one of the editors of the New York *Times*, has resigned his position on account of ill health.

Keep out of debt, out of quarrels, out of damp clothes, out of reach of liquors, out of thin clothes, and out of doors all you can in good weather.

A Georgia editor explains that the title he gave an article was "A cut and dried affair," and it was the types which made it read "A cut and dried apple."

All the eligible berths in out-going steamers have been taken up for weeks ahead, by tourists who propose to pass their summer in wandering over Europe.

The English parliament has just made four additional bank holidays, being Easter Monday, Whit-Monday, the first week-day in August, and the day after Christmas.

"The last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more strive to get it than they would struggle to get possession of a lighted bomb-shell.

A western writer gives it as his belief that if so much attention were given to improving corn as is given to grapes, a hundred million bushels might be added to the annual crop.

A blind man who lives in Cambridge, Mass., always takes a lighted lantern out with him when he goes into the street at night. People who can see are thus kept from running into him.

A church member in Middletown, Conn., who found a stranger in his pew, on Sunday morning, took him by the collar and pulled him out into the aisle. Then he joined devoutly in the service.

Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby," is furnishing to the English magazines his "Recollections of American Universities." He commends Cornell in a paper lately printed.

Sir Robert Peel is a little wild in his readings of the poets. In a recent speech in Parliament, referring to the desolations of the war, he said he might borrow "the touching language of Tennyson:

"There is no Preside, howsoe'er defended.
But hath one vacant chair."

It is, perhaps, asking to much of the Baronet (says the New York *Post*) that he should know these lines are Longfellow's.

A New Haven man reports that as he was going up a flight of stairs in his house during a thunder-storm, a few evenings ago, there was a flash of lightning, and immediately there rolled across the hall at the head of the stairway a ball of fire, rose-colored and blue, of a distinct spherical form, and scarcely touching the floor, until it dissolved or disappeared. He says it was about as large as an ordinary foot-ball, and after its passage the adjacent chambers were filled with a slight sulphuric odor. Then he fainted.

One of Mrs. Laura Fair's unlawful love letters to her lover and victim, Mr. Crittenden reveals a little dodge which may be found useful by wives of unfaithful husbands. Mrs. Fair writes: "I once heard of a man—I knew his daughter—who loved as devotedly as you say you do me, whose wife, after exhausting all other means to reform him, hit upon that of sobbing and talking in her sleep, and so affected her husband that he abandoned her whom he loved, made a confession to his wife, and afterwards became a minister of the gospel! How do you like the picture?"

The cholera is raging in all parts of the Persian gulf.

Germany has at present thirty-two humorous papers.

It costs $10 in Canada to call a man a "bald-headed idiot."

The London *Saturday Review* talks about the "State of St. Louis."

A woman has written an essay to prove that Shakespeare was a woman.

Sawdust is no longer wasted at the sawmills in the lumber regions of Maine, but is sold at a cent a bushel to the ice-packers.

Some Chinaman at the Berlin diggings, in Australia, have lately struck a nugget of gold weighing 1,717 ounces, and worth $34,880.

Robert Waldmuller, the German poet and novelist, is preparing for publication a volume entitled "The Correspondence of Charles Dickens with his Friends in Germany."

A dandy in New York is in a fix. His pants were made so tight for him that he can't get his boots on, and if he puts his boots on first he can't get his pants on. This is a case of genuine distress.

A learned Chicagoan is announcing the theory that Jupiter and Saturn are electric magnets, and induce currents of electricity in the earth; and act with greater force at intervals of ten years than at any other time.

An exchange says: "We are in receipt of two poems, one on the 'Throbbing Brain,' and the other on a 'Bleeding Heart.' We will wait until we receive one on the 'Stomach Ache,' and publish all three together."

Fish shooting is getting to be a favorite amusement with Wisconsin youths. A short time since, a piscatorial Nimrod at Fond du Lac, shot 196 pickerel in two days, ten of which weighed 115 pounds, and killed seven at one shot.

Ladies declare that from the beauty of the spring fashions they are driven to the opinion that it was a fortunate chance which freed American dress-makers from the supremacy of Parisian modistes and left them free to exercise their own ingenuity.

At the Salt Lake theatre a pumpkin pays the admission of two people, and they get two carrots in change. Chickens, eggs, oats and greens are taken, and the box office looks like one of Greeley's wildest agricultural dreams.

David Blakely, editor of the Chicago Evening *Post*, who is said now to hold a government office worth $8,000 per annum, was this week nominated by the President for the pension agency at Chicago, which is worth $5,000 per annum.

A fond father recently wrote: "It generally takes twenty years of training to eradicate that word nice from a woman's vocabulary. The falls of Niagara, the psalms of David, and the progress of the human race were all nice to my eldest before she got married."

Mrs. Crittendon, the wife of the murdered man, was a witness in the trial of Mrs. Fair, in San Francisco, on the 11th inst., and while she was giving her testimony Mrs. Fair in a loud voice pronounced something she said a lie. When the witness left the stand, the Judge fined Mrs. Fair $150 for contempt.

On the twelfth of March, Dr. R. Luther an astronomer of the observatory at Dussel dorf, discovered a new planet of the 10th or 11th magnitude a few degrees north of Mars. This is the 113th of the smaller planets. It has been seen at Berlin, on the 14th of March, and at Bonn the next evening. It was baptized by the name of Amalthæ. Besides Neptune, which after the calculation of M. Deverrier was first seen by Dr. Halle at Berlin, the German astronomers have discovered twenty-six of the one hundred and thirteen smaller planets.

The Rev. Mr. Boothby, in his prayer on Fast Day, at Lewiston, Me., grossly attacked the Mayor of that city, Mr. Garcelon. At the conclusion of the sermon the Mayor received permission to address the congregation, and completely turned the tables upon the reverend calumniator, proving his insinuations false, and disgraceful to the desk from which they emanated.

The Appleton *Times* says that Wisconsin is now looming up as the great iron-producing State of the Union. Four ranges of hills, each twenty miles long, running parallel with the Menominee River, have been found to contain immense quantities of almost solid iron, and are estimated to contain ten times more of that metal than all the Lake Superior range combined.

The London *Times* of the 10th says that on Saturday experiments were made on the Indo-European telegraph, via Teheran, to work direct without retransmission between England and India, Bombay and London. Interchanged signals were perfect, and a commercial message was sent to Bombay direct by London at 1.50 P. M., and was received instantaneously and acknowledged. This is the first occasion on which the telegraph has worked without any retransmission between England and India. The distance from London to Bombay by the Indo-European line is six thousand miles.

Two boys named Ryan and William Shirley, living in McLean County, Ill., near Haywarth, were playing at ball on the 18th, when a dispute arose between them. Ryan seized a brick and hurled it at Shirley with such force as to kill the latter almost instantly.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST.

One of the Most Remarkable Complications of Old Slavery Times—A True Story of Thirty Years Ago.

From the Louisville Courier.

About thirty years ago, there came to this city a stranger, a young girl in her teens, who gave her name as Lizzie Carlton. Nothing was known of her than that she was accompanied hither by a young man, who was, or pretended to be, deaf and dumb, and who left at once after securing her a situation in the establishment of a Mrs. Williams, a milliner and dress maker, on Fourth street, nearly opposite the spot where Barker's New York store now stands.

Lizzie was a handsome burnette, with a wealth of raven hair, which swept the floor, with bright, expressive eyes, and, altogether, genteel and dignified in her general appearance. From her lady-like deportment and close attention to the interests of her employer, she was soon made superintendent of the establishment. The social lines were not so strongly marked and scrupulously guarded then as now, and hence the young and beautiful stranger was soon received into the best company—forming a number of friends outside of her business circle, among others Mrs. E., a prominent member of the Baptist Church, at whose house Lizzie was a frequent visitor. She, in time attached herself to that church, and became a most exemplary member.

During her visits to Mrs. E. she met Philip Slaughter, himself one of the pillars of the church, who, after living in single blessedness for years, enjoying his wealth and family station all alone, soon conceived a tender sentiment for the young and lovely sister. Old bachelors are considered public property, in so far that a lively public interest is always manifested in their matrimonial welfare, and hence it was not long after the match-makers put their heads together until the twain were made one. The marriage ceremony was performed at the Baptist church, then standing on the southwest corner of Fifth and Green streets, the Rev. Mr. Buck officiating. The happy bride and groom, accompanied by a number of their brothers and sisters, repaired to the residence of Mr. Slaughter, about ten miles from the city, on the Bardston pike, to partake of the usual festivities.

The honeymoon witnessed a mutual growth of admiration between the two, and not only the honeymoon but several other moons waxed and waned and dripped with honey "sweeter than the honeycomb."

Alas! that man's avarice and brutality should break in to mar and destroy a scene of happiness like this.

About sunset one evening the doorbell rang. Lizzie—now Mrs. Slaughter—left her husband's bedside (he was confined to his room by a slight illness at this time), arranged her toilet and descended to the parlor.

One piercing scream, that startled the echoes and shook the rafters, aroused Mr. Slaughter, who rushed down stairs. What was his astonishment and dismay when he found his bride fainting on the floor, and a strange gentleman, attended by a policeman, bending over her.

"Sir," said the stranger, "this woman is my slave. Her name is Malinda Cass. I am a Miss ssippian—here is the bill of sale, I bought her a few months before she escaped from my home. I have been on her track for a long time; and now she must return with me."

The distress of this unfortunate couple drew, at once, a large concourse of her friends, who were as much at loss what to advise in the midst of these strange relations as were those more deeply concerned. The husband, after the first paroxysm of his grief had subsided, vowed eternal fidelity to his wife, bond or free, and, with the assistance of Deacon Elliott, Rev. Mr. Buck, and others, it was arranged that, to quiet matters, the stranger should be indemnified for the loss of his slave, and a little party of friends met at the Galt House, where the Mississippian received $700 for compensation and returned home.

But Mr. S., being a rather feeble-minded and easily influenced man, was so beset by his relatives that he abandoned his wife, as they could not tolerate one in such relations as that, who had one drop of African blood in her veins, however concealed beneath a fair exterior.—He turned the poor woman into the street, and she, broken-hearted, went from place to place in the capacity of a seamstress, soon after giving birth to a son. She managed to support herself and child, and to bear up under all her misfortunes until Mr. S. married another. She at once took to her bed, was kindly attended by the Sisters of Charity and a few of the Baptist sisters in this city until she died of a broken heart.

Mr. Elliott went South to learn a true statement of her history, but the reports there were as conflicting as they had in the meantime come to be here.

Lizzie Carlton persisted to the last that she was a pure Caucasian—a free woman. She related that her mother, a Portuguese, on reaching this country, being a dark brunette, formed the acquaintance of a wealthy planter in New Orleans, who became so infatuated with her that he took her to his home, and to conceal his purposes from his wife, got her consent to pass as his servant—her appearance enabling her to assume the character of a bright mulatto. Lizzie was the offspring of this illicit intrigue, and the planter, dying suddenly, and without disclosing the true character of his mistress (who herself died soon after,) Lizzie while quite a child, descended to the heirs with the other slaves of the estate; and the estate becoming involved, she was sold to a stranger, the same who afterward visited Louisville in search of his property. She further stated that the gentleman who brought her here was her half brother—the son of her mother's seducer—and that she fled to escape the persecutions of her purchaser.

A few pitied and more blamed the unfortunate woman for imposing herself, as they called it, on this community. But time has mellowed the harshness of the sentiment which was then prevalent and made unanimous the opinion that her story was true in all respects. The oldest inhabitants of Louisville now declare their belief that she was indeed the daughter of a Portuguese woman; that she was altogether gifted with splendid virtues, and was the innocent victim of the strategy of her parents, and was, of course, as much entitled to the rights of a free woman as any one who walks Fourth street to-day. Her father's and mother's sudden death was the cause of all her woes; even her ostensible owner was ignorant of her true history. How terrible, in this instance, were the sins of the parents visited upon the child!

Poor, heart-broken woman! A little grave in the Western Cemetery of this city has set upon her lips the seal of everlasting silence, and it is meet, now, that time, which sooner or later, works its revenges and grants that justice which was withheld, that the true story of her life should be written—that the cloud which ensorouded her fair name should be swept aside—and that her son, if he is living to-day, may rest no longer under the false imputation of having been born a slave.

Soon after the death of Philip Slaughter his relatives sent the boy referred to above to Hawesville, in this State, to be raised by a man named Luckett or Lucky, under an assumed name, and since this time nothing has been known of his fate, unless to the relatives of Mr. Slaughter, several of whom are still living.

A wealthy Orleanian, formerly a president State officer, was recently swindled out of $50,000 in a panel house in New York city.

Mysterious Murder in Cincinnati.

A mysterious murder took place at No. 30 Arch street, this morning about one o'clock. Henry Teale, engaged as a newspaper carrier, in the eastern part of the city, was shot through the head while lying in bed, at about one o'clock. He died shortly after but did not speak. His wife was in the room, but was so overcome as to be unable to give any account of the affair. No clue to the murdererer could be discovered. At the coroner's inquest this morning Dr. Tate testified that he was called to see the deceased between one and two o'clock; found him breathing, but insensible; the injury inflicted was at the left and posterior of the skull, and appeared to have been made by a pistol ball; had no idea that the man could have shot himself; his wife at first manifested no symptoms of sorrow, was bewildered and could give no satisfactory account.

Dr. Hale, the family physician testified that he had attended Mrs. Teale for a hysterical complaint, which he suposed originated in the family trouble. Mrs. Teale told him of the seduction of her neice, which seemed to trouble her much. Sarah Teale, mother of the deceased, testified that her son was thirty-five years old; born in England; had been married eleven years; never had any children; his wife was jealous, but not without cause. His niece, Maggie McBride, had a son by him six months ago. She had been a servant in the family and left about four months before the child was born. The deceased wife told Maggie McBride that she would not live long, but would see the end of him first. She was a great deal older than he was, and was always jealous of him. A. E. Springer lived next door. He testified that he had known deceased ten years. He and his wife lived happily until the trouble about Miss McBride; deceased acknowledged that he seduced Maggie McBride. Witness' wife heard Mrs Teale say that something was going to happen; that she, herself, Maggie McBride or Henry Teale would not walk the streets of Cincinnati many weeks; heard a noise this morning in the adjoining house, but heard no pistol shot.

Mrs. Anthony, who occupied a room on the same floor with the deceased, and immediately in front of his, was awakened about 1 by the cry, "My God," from Mrs. Teale. This was all. She supposed she had another attack of sickness; waked Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, found Mrs. Teale kneeling at the foot of the bed, her face buried in the bedclothes. She did not speak. Mrs. Teale recovered, recovered consciousness about half-past four o'clock. Heard no pistol reports and did not smell powder. Her door was open, as was the rear door of the hall. Have heard Mrs. Teale say that she would be happier if Mr. Teale would die. Heard loud talk between deceased and wife, night before last, about his visiting Miss McBride some time ago. Saw Mrs. Teale playing with a pistol that had the chambers removed; she said she would like to practice shooting, and wondered if her husband had taken them away, fearing she would use the pistol on herself.

Mrs. Jenkins testified that Mrs. Teale said this morning that when she awoke she found herself on the floor, and that she didn't think Harry would treat her that way. Witness had heard Mrs. Teale say she feared her husband would drive her to do something desperate.

Mr. Jenkins was awakened by the slamming of a door a short time before Mrs. Anthony came up. It did not sound like the firing of a pistol.

Mrs. Teale did not look as though she had been in bed, nor did the bed look like she had. The bed clothes were tucked around the deceased. Mrs. Teal, wife of the deceased, was examined. She said that she was forty-three years old; had been married before; said she went to bed at 10 o'clock; was awakened again at 11; next found herself lying across the foot of the bed; couldn't tell how she got there; heard no pistol shot; saw no one in the room. She said she had a vague idea how the murder occurred, but it was not worth being called an opinion, and declined to give it. A post mortem examination was ordered. The inquest will proceed to-morrow morning.

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Correspondence.

Washington Letters.

OUR ELECTION—A BRILLIANT RESULT—COL. FORNEY ON THE SUCCESSION—THE KU KLUX BILL AND THE DEMOCRACY—THE DEMOCRATIC ADDRESS—THE INNOCENCE OF THE SYMPATHIZERS.

WASHINGTON, April 32, 1871.

The overwhelmning Republican victory under our new government is, just now, the prevailing sensation. As no similar election had ever been held in the District at large, and the local election of Georgetown and Washington afforded very imperfect data for making up an opinion of the result there was a feeling of uncertainty about the election which seems hardly justified by the vote. It was claimed that Gen. Chipman, the Republican candidate for Congress, would be elected, and that his majority might reach 2,000, but the House of Delegates was regarded as very doubtful with the chances in favor of the Democrats. The result is therefore a surprise and has filled the successful party with enthusiasm, which is to take shape in an organized triumphal demonstration on Monday night.

Gen Chipman's majority is 4,092, and the Republicans carry 15 of the 22 delegates to the Assembly. The administration of the new government will, therefore, be Republican, throughout, and bring its sustaining power to the side of President Grant.

Among the incidents of the election was a vast crowd in front of the *Chronicle* office on the evening of Thursday, when the returns were coming in, and a characteristic address by Col. John W. Forney, in which, among other things, he said: "The result invites to you Northern men and Northern money, and through you pours emigration, enterprise and wealth over the fertile and half populated expanses of the South." Then, after paying a generous compliment to Gov. Cook for bringing together discordant elements, counseling in favor of moderation, education, representative men, &c., &c. He proceeded thus: "But, while we honor Gov. Cook, let us not forget the man without whom there would have been no Republican victory o-day. That man is President Grant. (Applause.) I do not conceal from you that I have deplored some recent events in our organization; but the President's two messages, that in regard to San Domingo and that in relation to the peace of the South have convinced me that if the Republican party desires success in 1872, it must be under the banner of the man who led them to victory in 1868. These papers establish the fact that he will have no policy against the will of the people; and, supplemented as they are by the passage of the enforcement bill signed by him this day, they dissipate all accusations that he is not the firm friend of the loyal people of America, both white and black."

The Democratic address, about which so much has been said in letters and dispatches from this city, and which is known to have been the subject of much disagreement among the leaders, and to have been whittled down and emasculated in words, sentences and principles, has made its appearance, and proves to be a very tame and commonplace piece of party rhetoric. The main points are the calumnies so common in Democratic papers and speeches, about "enormous defalcations and wide-spread corruptions"—charges of extravagance and a refusal to reduce taxation; the reasons which justify the South in resorting to Ku Klux, and the prostrate condition of commerce. Those portions of the address which were expected to make a sensation have all been expunged.

It is a fact the Democracy, after stubbornly refusing to do anything to pacify the South; after voting solid against all measures of protection; and after apologizing in every possible way for the outrages of the Ku Klux, haggle at the charges of sympathizing with them. The other day Mr. Edmunds, in his closing speech in the Senate, presenting such a masterly array of facts in support of our constitutional right to pass the bill of protection, spoke of the gentleman from California as "putting in his plea for the criminals," which brought Mr. Casserly to his feet at once in a denial that he had put in any such plea. Mr. Edmunds in responding, contended that he had put a fair construction upon Mr. Casserly's speech, and that the Ku Klux themselves would say of it "that we ought to go on; that our friends hear what provocations we have had and how much we have suffered at the hands of those "scallawags" and "niggers," and while they don't want us to murder, they know that we are provoked to it by causes which are an ample justification."

But the effrontry of the Democratic leaders was still more successfully shown in the case of Blair, of Missouri. Mr. Edwards referred to him as "one of the justly prized leaders of the party, high in the line of promotion and entitled to its first honors" and then spoke of his remedy in these words: "To drive out the 'carpet-baggers,' to drive out the 'scalawags,' to restore the true order of things, to take away the ballot from the negro,"

Blair at once interrupted and gravely wanted to know when any such expression ever occurred in any thing which he had ever said. Mr. Edmunds said in reply that if he had read the honorable Senator's (Broadhead) letter aright, and if he had read his long speech running through two days aright? they were both in substance and effect what he had now stated; that is to say an attack on the "carpet baggers" as fairly responsible for this order of things. But Mr. Blair coollyrepelled this epitomey of his public conduct as grossly unjust, and there was a sharp colloquy of half an hour over the matter in which, of course, the Missouri Senator got the worst of it.

Congress disappeared, after the adjournment on Thursday, as suddenly as a morning mist dissolves before the full orbed sun. It seems to be thought here that the bill to enforce the 14th amendment is not a very strong measure, and not quite what is wanted. But it is hoped that it will have the desired effect at the South—and also at the North, towards which it was equally aimed. The North was impatient for some efficient action and felt humiliated that nothing was done, and it demanded immediate action. The bill will tend to restore the strength of the Republican party, and it is hoped that it will also restore peace to the South. But it is amazing that members in both Houses should have been so tender footed as to make an effective bill impossible. BUCKEYE.

From our Lady Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, April 19th, 1871.

Showers usually accompany the Spring time: and how refreshing they are to all nature, human nature not excepted! We like the fickle April weather, with its green growths and its blooms. We have been accustomed at the north to regard it as the month of transition—as the stepping-stone from which the gay and pleasant Springtime, laughing in the face of bleak Winter, chases him a long way northward. But here it is different.—March performed that office for us, and now the April showers which we have daily are not altogether to our liking.

Showers they are surely, but not the pleasant rain, for which we thirst. Our showers are of dust; dense, choking, bewildering. The dust is ubiquitous. We inhale it. It covers us. There is no crack, or crevice where it fails to enter. It is king to-day; but I look abroad upon the face of the sky, and behold it overcast, and to-morrow, welcome rain, may bring it to its level. The woods have put on their spring attire, and green fields wear the embroidery of flowers. The city parks are in their glory, and the air is redolent with the perfume of lilacs. Lafayette Park, opposite the White House, is literally a field of luxuriant beauty. This brings me to mention

AN HOUR AT THE PRESIDENTS,

which I spent Tuesday afternoon, on the occasion of Mrs. Grant's first spring reception.

After the long season of Lent, and the semi lull in the fashionable world at the capitol, this reception was quite an event. The attendance was large, and the ladies with their smiling faces, and fresh spring clothes, looked nicely. Then there were men of place and distinction too. Chief Justice Chase was present, also several members of the High Joint Commission. The President, was, as usual, most cordially polite in his greetings to all. Mrs. Grant, while her attire is always elegant and becoming, has the sense and good taste never to over-dress. She wore white moire antique, dotted with black, trimmed with black three lace—high in the neck, and with large open sleeves. The few ornaments she wore were of coral.

Her fair, young daughter, Miss Nellie, assisted her, clad in bright blue silk. Her blonde curls were becomingly looped back with blue ribbons. It is reported that the little lady is engaged to be married, but we hardly credit it, considering her youth, and the good sense of her parents. Vases, and baskets of flowers were scattered about the rooms, filling them with rare odors.

THE CONSERVATORY,

stretching away some distance to the left of the White House, is a delightful place to visit. It is filled with a numerous variety of shrubs and plants, many of them tropical. There, we saw lemon trees, laden with fruit nearly ripe, and date and palm trees. Farther on and down a flight of steps, is an almost innumerable variety of fuscias and geraniums. Doors of scarlet and crimson glass open out upon the broad grounds in the rear. Gazing through them, enchanted land lies beyond. Through one glass, all things appear to be in a flame. The sky above, the trees, the earth, and every tiny twig is lit up with a fiery radiance. It is too brilliant. It blinds us. Our eyelids droop. We turn aside, and look through the crimson pane. The scene is changed, and yet it is the same. The trees which blazed a moment ago, are now a warm rose color. The sky takes on that ineffable hue, which at rare intervals we see just before the sun sets; and not one blade of grass, but seems to wear a captured sunbeam.

Our delight in greenhouses has taken us through the Congressional gardens several times already this spring. The conservatory there is more extensive than at the President's. As we enter, beauty and perfume greet the senses. We almost fancy ourselves in the land of perpetual summer as we stand by the banana, the coffee and the cinnamon trees. Then there are a number of century plants, about which romance has so entwined herself, and a great variety of the cactus family, conspicuous among which is the Night Blooming Cereus. Further on a little fountain plays, and by its side a number of stately callas lift their white faces to the sunlight. I cannot think that it is time or money wasted which is spent in the cultivation of the beautiful. And though there has been some talk among Congressmen of abolishing this conservatory altogether, I cannot but hope that they will fail to succeed in so doing. There are a thousand other ways in which retrenchment may be effected with far less sacrifice.

LATER.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—We have had a shower of rain. Congress has adjourned at last. The election is over, and again the Republican ticket is victorious. Gen. Chipman is elected to Congress by a majority of over 4,000. The Republicans are jubilant. They have gained a two-thirds majority in the District Legislature.

Political meetings were held nightly, for some time prior to the elections, and great excitement has prevailed throughout the city, which Thursday evening culminated in bonfires, torch light processions, and a general jollification.

Friday morning, over our broad land, flashed the welcome news that the District of Columbia is Republican. It greeted President Grant at midnight, on board the train at Pittsburg, on his way to St. Louis, and so ere this, it has greeted nearly every liberty lover in our land.—Speeches were made, songs were sung, the band played, and the city went wild with glad excitement. General Chipman addressed the people briefly, and with most happy effect. Col. John W. Forney made a speech of some length at the *Chronicle* office, which was most enthusiastically received.

THE FIRST SESSION OF THE FORTY-SECOND CONGRESS

closed Thursday at two o'clock, and doubtless many of the Senators and Representatives, are now either at their homes or on their way thither.

The last moments of the session in the House, were consumed by personal explanations made by General Butler and Farnsworth, neither of whom is on any occasion timid about making his voice to be heard. Butler sent a home thrust to the Illinois member, and fired a shot at Senator Davis of Kentucky, upon whose visage, it will be remembered, Benjamin fixed his gaze some weeks ago in the Senate, much to the discomfiture of said gentleman.

Mr. Farnsworth hardly showed wisdom or good taste in attacking Butler's management of the National Asylums last summer, when it had been closed by the report of the Military Committee, and Mr. Stoughton, of Michigan, made a fitting reply to him, in which he expressed the sense of a majority of the House. It is to be hoped that the honorable gentlemen may forget their personal animosities during the months of their separation, and come again in December, strong in the right, and vigorous in the maintenance thereof.

ITEMS.

President Grant issued a proclamation on the 20th, requiring the Senate to convene in extraordinary session on the 10th of May next. The communications, upon which that body will then be called upon to act, will undoubtedly relate to the workings of the High Joint Commission, and the settlement of the Alabama claims and fishing dispute.

Secretary Fish gave a grand party on Monday evening, in honor of the fifth day of his son, Hamilton Fish, Jr. The occasion was highly enjoyable, and was largely attended by the upper tendom.

The soldiers and sailors of the District of Columbia tendered a serenade last Tuesday evening to Senator Clayton, of Arkansas, at the Metropolitan Hotel. Five hundred war veterans, headed by the Marine band, with torches and transparencies, marched to the hotel, where appropriate music was played, after while Senators Clayton and Patterson and others made fitting speeches.

Secretary Belknap has ordered that leather stocks shall be dispensed with hereafter in the army. This humane order will cause the Secretary to be long remembered with gratitude by the whole U. S. army.

Joseph Jefferson played Rip Van Winkle every night last week to large and enthusiastic audiences. Although, he visits this city every year, his fine acting never fails to call out a full attendance.

To-day there is an excursion to Mt. Vernon, the proceeds of which go to aid in the purchase of a chime of bells for the Metropolitan Church. The officers of the steamer Arrow have kindly tendered the free use of their boat for the occasion.

A. D. H.

Written for the Toledo BLADE.

THE ROYAL ROAD

"Mother," said little nine year old Nellie, "what did you mean this morning when you told Mrs. Jamieson that she must be charitable and remember that Mrs. Grandius was educated on the royal road?"

"Why do you ask that question, my child?" replied the mother, looking perplexed.

"'Cause you both laughed 'bout some figures in the mite society account book, and they had something to do with the royal road. What kind of a road is it, and what did Mrs. Grandius write that you was making fun of?"

Nellie's mother looked more grieved, conscious and perplexed than before. The child had evidently overheard a conversation between her and a morning visitor, which was not designed for her ears, her curiosity was thoroughly awakened, and as the mother was a practical Christian as well as a moral woman, she had always made it a point to practice what she preached, and to answer her little girl's childish inquiries truthfully and patiently, but now she hesitated, for her duty did not seem clear to her. She could not give the requisite explanation without unveiling the ignorance of Mrs. Grandius, the leading lady of the little circle of friends with whom she daily associated, and who in the quiet, unprogressive Dutch village, nestled amid the hills of the Hudson, where the incident of this little story occurred, was regarded as the model of imitation in womanly grace as well as outline, for no other reason in the world except that she was a lineal descendant of Walter von Twiller, the ancient and eccentric old Dutch Governor of New York.

Pride is ever the twin sister of ignorance, and Dutch pride had proved no exception to the general rule in this case. Mrs. Grandius had had the misfortune of belonging to an aristocratic family who believed, with Moscaille, "that people of quality are born with all needful knowledge," and that common schools were demoralizing, since all sorts and conditions of children mingled together on terms of equality, and hence their daughter had never attended school, but had been reared in the seclusion of home by governesses, who could not, even if they desired, have educated her thoroughly, since she seldom learned her lessons. Her loving and indulgent parents always excused her; it was either too warm or too cold, too wet or too dry, for Arabella to study; or she had the headache, or no wish to pore over dull books; and she must not be coerced, for it would never answer to break the proud spirit, hereditary in the Von Slinkum family, which had descended to them from Walter Von Twiller, the great Governor of New York.

Thus her childhood passed, and girlhood brought with it no improvement. Her parents consoling themselves with reflections like these: What was the use of tormenting girls with so much learning and education. Arabella would certainly never desire to keep school, and did she not appear beautifully in society? Her proud carriage and lofty manners, were universally admired. She could sing French songs, play polkas and mozourkas upon the piano, dance gracefully, and was in fact a perfect lady, uncontaminated with rude ideas of strong-minded progressiveness.

If any of the good people who formed "society" in Blixenville entertained different views, they never gave expression to them. The Van Slinkums were a very ancient family, though not opulent; their venerable lineage gave them a certain prestige and influence, with the descendants of the old Dutch families of Blixenville, on the Hudson, which were only as money could have bestowed.

In due course of time Arabella wedded Dr. Grandius, and became a society leader of her native town, as her parents had been before her. Her ignorance was apparent to all persons of education, the more so as she was prominent in every social or charitable movement. A mite society, in connection with the church of which she was a member, had chosen her their secretary and treasurer. Various little entertainments had been given by this society during the winter, and quite a sum of money collected. There had been some disbursemen also, and at the close of the season it was proposed to balance accounts and apply the surplus funds, toward recarpeting the church.

Accordingly Mrs. Grandius handed in her accounts to the society, saying the net receipts were four hundred and fifty dollars and fifty cents, and in doing so, delivered her little account book to the lady who had visited Nellie's mother, saying she thought the ladies would find all accounts perfectly kept. Upon reviewing them they caused no little merriment for they were written something in this wise:

Resets from and the m'ti: Sassatis, $100,50 and 50 cents; from Misses Nickerbocker's sourrie, $200 40 and 20 cents; donashuns, $100 and 10 cents; totel, $400.90 and 80 cents.

Then followed various items for disbursements similarly written, which were deducted from the whole amount after this fashion:

Totel resets, $400.90 and 80 cents; paid out for and eggspenses, $40 and 30 cents; leaving a ballance in the treasury of $400 50 and 50 cents.

Thus to say nothing of autographical errors, Mrs. Grandius had overestimated her accounts to the very important amount of $3,960, simply from lack of knowledge of the first rudiments of numeration.

All this had been conned over in the mind of Nellie's mamma in a much shorter time than we have explained it, and while she was thinking how to answer her little one's inquiry, without encouraging a love of gossip or holding up to contempt the shocking ignorance of Mrs. Grandius, Nellie impatiently interrupted her thoughts with, "Well, mamma, why don't you tell me what kind of a road a royal road is, and what did Mrs. Grandius write that was so funny."

"Almost all the countries of the world, except our own are governed by Emperors and Kings and their children and relatives are called the imperial or royal family, and as they possess great power and influence, they are apt to be imperious, impatient of restraint, indolent about learning their multiplication tables or their spelling lessons, (here the mother smiled, and the little girl hung her head and often imagine when they have learned a few lessons from a certain study, as arithmetic or geography, they know all there is to be learned about it, quite as much, if not a little more than their teachers, and as the latter dare not punish them, and seldom correct them when they are wrong, for fear of losing their positions, or being censured by the King, the Royal children usually grow up in ignorance, and as every lesson must be made pleasant and easy for them and no one dares to tell them the truth, for fear of becoming unpopular, they often make great blunders, such as would be a disgrace to common people and the meaning of the royal road to learning, signifies a very easy and pleasant way to get an education, but which is good for nothing when the end of the road is reached. My little Nellie would often love to ravel upon this road, and she sometimes thinks her mother quite severe and cross and the road very rough and stony, particularly when she has a hard column of spelling to learn, or the line of multiplication table is perverse and "won't stay remembered."

"Well, but ma," said Nellie smiling, "What did the royal road have to do with Mrs. Grandius?"

It was mama's turn to be silent now, and although she did not hang her head, she laughingly answered, as she thought of Mrs. Grandius rediculous blunders, "Can't Nellie guess?"

"O I know, I know, Mrs. Grandius does'nt know her multplication table and when she was a little girl like me, she didn't study her spelling lessons, and she wrote something in the mite society book that was all wrong, and cause she's a big lady, she ought to know better and folks are making fun of her. Isn't it so, mamma?"

"Yes, Nellie, Mrs. Grandius, is a graduate from the royal school of learning, and all the ridicule which she creates is not half as lamentable as her ignorance. I hope you will not repeat what you heard Mrs. Jamison say this morning, and remember the lesson you have learned, and never travel on the royal road of learning if you desire to escape the ridicule and the disgrace of ignorance in after life.

Little boys and girls, the sleepy little town of Blixenville on the Hudson, is not the only home of persons like Mrs. Grandius, they are to be found every where, even in the wide-awake progressive West. If you do not wish to be ignorant like them, you must avoid the royal road to learning. Even though your lessons appear dull and stupid to you, and you cannot exactly understand what benefit they will be, persevere and learn them, and bye and bye you will comprehend how necessary they were to discipline your minds, form your characters and prepare you for after life.

K. N. JULIUS.

An Orleans County Bridegroom in a Fix.

The Detroit *Free Press* tells a story about Hiram Murray, of Murray, Orleans county, who arrived in Detroit on Wednesday night last. He was bound for Alpena, where he was going to marry a young lady of that village. On his way to the depot Thursday morning, he thought, after looking at his watch, that he would have time to get his hair cut before the train started. He plunged into a barber shop, and had the job about finished when the train moved away. He rushed to headquarters at the depot, and offered $20 for a special to Saginaw. The person in charge was both amazed and amused, and informed Mr. Murray that he was altogether too liberal in his offers. He then went $5 better, $10, $15, and finally, in his desperation, offered $100, then $150, and then $200 for the use of an engine to overtake the speeding mail train. As there was none to spare, his offers could not be accepted, and the man rushed down stairs to the shouting hackmen and screamed:

"I will give you $50 to catch the Saginaw train!"

The Jehu looked at his horses, considered their gait, thought of the distance, and shook his head in a mournful way.

"Do it and I'll make it $100," shouted Murray, half jumping into the hack.

"It can't be did, my friend, not by horses," replied the hackman sadly, for he wanted that "pile" of greenbacks. Murray started for the telegraph office and wanted the operator to send through a message as follows: "Hold on a minute, till a fellow named Hiram Murray catches it," but the operator told him it was no use. Some one suggested that he might hire an engine at Pontiac, if he could get there.

"How far is it to Pontiac?" he asked, fairly jumping up and down. He was told that it was only twenty-six miles, when he immediately avowed his determination to walk the distance, and went off down the track as if shot from an army musket.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

Suspension of Hostilities.

PARIS, April 24—Gen. Cluseret reports to the Commune that a suspension of hostilities at Neuilly has been arranged, to date from noon to-day, and that affairs at Asnieres continue to be in excellent position.

Immense Defensive Preparations.

Immense defensive measures are in preparation. Torpedoes have been set at St. Germain and the Versailles Railway station, and batteries are erected in the Rue Castellan.

Churches Re-opened.

The churches of St. Raish and St. Sulpice have been re-opened and the Cures released from imprisonment.

Government Cannot Recognize the Commune.

VERSAILLES, April 24.—President Thiers has given a reception to the deputation from the Masonic Lodges of Paris, who asked in behalf of the people of the capital for an armistic. In reply, Thiers said that Gen. L'Admirault had the power to grant a truce whenever it should become necessary, but that the Commune could never be recognized by the government.

PARIS, April 24—Evening.—The expected suspension of hostilities did not take place to day. It is believed it will commence to-morrow. The Communist newspapers to-day concentrate in an attack upon Thiers. A placard invites the friends of the order to be in readiness to revenge their brethren murdered in the recent butchery in the Place Vendome.

ARRIVAL OF VESSELS IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, April 25.—Steamship City of Paris from New York April 15, arrived at Queenstown at 6:30 this morning. Steamship Orleanica, which left New York on the same day and passed Sandy Hook thirty minutes ahead of the City of Paris, has not yet been reported at Queenstown.

The News special from Versailles says Thiers has resolved to bombard Paris when the forts east and north of the city are delivered up by the Prussians. The insurgents made a sortie on Sunday towards Chatillon and at first captured the barricade held by Versailles troops but were eventually repulsed with heavy loss.

PORT AU PRINCE, April 12, via HAVANA.—The Hornet is again offered for sale. She will probably be purchased by the Dominicans.

The excitement over the question of the annexation of San Domingo is subsiding.

The project of a loan for the purpose of redeeming the currency and establishing specie payments is strongly discussed.

SAN DOMINGO, April 21.—The troops under Baez have again defeated Cabril. Several undecisive engagements between the forces under Luperon and those belonging to Baez, have taken place recently in the northern provinces.

David Whitehead fell dead at St. Paul, April 26. He was formerly a merchant at Somerset, Perry County, Ohio, and Phil. Sheridan was a boyish clerk in his store for two years. Mr. Whitehead was 78 years old.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

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THE CHARM.

A NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL SINGING BOOK BY P. P. BLISS.

This book is not intended to supersede the "PRIZE," which is selling so rapidly that the publishers are now printing it in editions of 20,000 each, but is issued in deference to the wishes of thousands who have been charmed by Mr. Bliss' contributions to that standard work, and who demand more from the same gifted pen.

We do not hesitate to say that for these friends a great surprise is in store. Much as they may expect they will be astonished at the wonderful versatility and power of this man, as shown in the words and music of "THE CHARM." We have seen the proof sheets of his pieces, as they have come from the printer, and with every new burst of trilling poetry or fascinating melody, have wondered where they could all come from. There is but one solution—his heart burns with love for his work. Being superintendent of one of the finest Sunday schools in the country, that of the First Congregational Church of Chicago; being the helper and friend of Messrs. Moody, Jacobs, Whittle, Stearns, and other leading Sunday school workers, he not only knows what is wanted, but is inspired with their enthusiasm. pp. 160.

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The great Blood Purifier and Delicious Drink, Warner's Vinum Vitae, or Wine of Life, is free from any poisonous drugs or impurities, being prepared for those who require a stimulant. It is a splendid appetizer and tonic, and the finest thing in the world for purifying the blood. It is the most pleasant and delicious article ever offered to the public, far superior to brandy, whisky, wine bitters, or any other article. It is more healthy, and cheaper. Both male and female, young or old, can take the Wine of Life. It is, in fact, a life preserver. Those who wish to enjoy good health and a free flow of lively spirits, will do well to take the Wine of Life. It is different from anything ever before in use. It is sold by druggists; also at all respectable saloons.—Price One Dollar, in quart bottles.

EMMENAGOGUE.

Warner's Emmenagogue is the only article known to cure the Whites, it will cure in every case. Where is the family in which this important medicine is not wanted? Mothers, this is the greatest blessing ever offered you, and you should immediately procure it. It is also a sure cure for Female Irregularities, and may be depended upon in every case where the monthly flow has been obstructed through cold or disease. Sold by druggists. Price One Dollar, or sent by mail on receipt of One Dollar and a

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. F. JONES
MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY MAY 4, 1871.

Terms of Subscription

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" " three months..... 50
Clubs of five.....$1 75 each.
" ten or more..... 1 50 "

With an extra copy to every person sending a club.

ON TRIAL.—In order to introduce the BLADE where it is not now known, we will send it on TRIAL, in clubs of five or more, three months, for fifty cents each, and an extra copy to the person sending the club.

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WEEKLY BLADE.

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A NEW BUT FORCIBLE ARGUMENT.

An address issued by the National Woman's Suffrage Committee of Washington appeals to the fifth command of the decalogue as a sufficient warrant for woman's right to vote. "Honor thy father and thy *mother*," is a precept which holds equal rank with every other of the moral law. Law is framed especially to guard the points that are most likely to be transcended or neglected. The father's right to honor was not in danger. The patriarchal authority was older than that of either chieftain, judge or king. The husband and father was possessed of despotic power, extending even to the right to condemn to death the members of his household. The right of the father to rule the household was a feature of all governments even after tribes had been merged into nations and the kingly had superseded the tribal authority. When the Mosaic law was given there was no special danger that the father's prerogatives would be made less than they had been, nor his claims to honor and respect held in less esteem. But with the mother the case was very different. The father had a traditional hold upon despotic prerogatives, and could *command* respect. The mother was but a subject of despotic, and almost irresponsible authority, and sons were in danger of learning to hold in contempt those possessed of no more power than themselves. Hence the command expressly included the obligation to honor the mother as well as the father. The office of religion is to recognize the good that exists and to strengthen it, and then to call into existence the good which has heretofore had no being. Hence the Mosaic law threw many protections around strangers, servants, persons liable to arrest, &c., &c., which did not exist among the earlier nations. And, in many instances, it asserted and established new rights and privileges for women. It did all that the "hardness of the hearts" of the people would at that time allow to be done in that direction. Wise reformers do all the good they can, never refusing the part they can gain because all that ought to be done can not be immediately accomplished. The decalogue was not only a statute of the theocratic government, but it was a law to the hearts and consciences of the people as well. That statute made an advance in woman's favor by commanding that the child should honor his mother as he was wont to honor his father. It established woman's equal rank in the family.

The introductory economy of Moses did much for woman, as all acquainted with the previous history of the world will agree. The Christian age continued, and will yet perfect, what could then only begin in practice. Yet the principle laid down in the moral law is broad enough for all ages, and for all possible reforms. The son owes honor to the mother, and wherein the State fails as yet to honor her as his father is honored, he owes it to his own heart and to the mother he loves, to make her the equal of the father.

A mother who has watched over a household of active, impetuous, willful boys, moderated their perversities, restrained their waywardness, taught them manners, morals, and patriotism, deserves to be enfranchised by those whose characters he she has formed, and over whose interests she has watched with self-sacrificing devotion. As her sons come to use the elective franchise they should vote their mother an equal rank in the State with the father. Upon the mother more than the father, depends the training of the man, and the worth the man is to the State. Hence we conceive the women's argument for the right of suffrage to be enforced by one of the most sacred and essential precepts of the moral law—one which it is baseness in any son to disregard. We advise the mothers of the country to take charge of the instruction of their boys in the requirements of the decalogue. Show them how broad in its requirements the fifth commandment is, and, after the manner of the shorter catechism, show what it "forbids" and what it "requires." Few dutiful sons will vote to disfranchise their mothers, if they are well instructed at the proper age.

☞ The Cork *Herald* expresses astonishment at the continued drain of the Irish population, which it says is going on as steadily now as in the most disturbed years. Queenstown is already crowded with emigrants, although the season has only commenced, and it is expected that before summer the departures from that port will average two thousand. The people come principally from Clare, Tipperary, Meath, Westmeath, and the King's county.

THE RIGHT VIEW OF THE QUESTION.

On the subject of Republican nominations for the Presidency the New York *Times* holds the following sensible and appropriate views:

"When the real push comes—when it is to be decided whether the contests of the last ten years shall be fought out all over again, or whether the Republican settlement of past disputes shall be upheld—the people will take affairs into their own hands, and the wranglers who now occupy the field of politics will be swept away as with a whirlwind. We care nothing for factions on one side or the other. Whether this man or the other gets the most offices is a matter of no concern to us. All that we are anxious to see is the *Republican party win* in the next Presidential election, and the selection of the man who is to be placed in the foreground as our candidate we are well content to leave to time and the judgment of the people. So that the party conquers, the fate of individuals is of little consequence. In this State or out of it we regard the strife of persons or cliques as ephemeral, and consequently unimportant. No doubt they seem to be very formidable now. Our weakness in this State is to be traced to them. Whose fault it is we should be sorry to have to decide—half a dozen good Republicans would give you as many different reasons for the misfortune. The public must be very much disposed to cry to the contestants, with honest Mercutio, "a plague on both your houses," and to wish that they would either come to a good understanding or get out of the way altogether. One or other of these results will certainly be brought about by the Presidential election. The people will not allow the life of the nation to be placed in jeopardy by the passions or follies of leaders, who happen to have acquired influence or power, and do not know how to use it."

The dissensions which in the State of New York, and, to a limited extent elsewhere, threaten the unity of the Republican party, grow out of the vast patronage of the executive branch of the government, which has been the source of division and alienation in the Democratic party when it had the upper hand. It is an evil which can not be cured in a day. Nor will the evil to the country, nor to individuals, be any the less if a Republican Administration were put out of power and the Democracy again installed. Factions would fight for the plunder and fraud and corruption be practised under one rule as under another. The evil can not be corrected by a change of parties, but it can be by a change in the method of filling the more important offices of the country. That, however, can not be made in time to affect or influence the next Presidential election. It is therefore our duty to endure until we can amend, and, as a party, remain united on the basis of upholding, preserving and defending the settlement of past issues and controversies which the Republican party has already made. The Republican party has had less dissension, with greater personal and individual independence and freedom of expression than any party in power ever had. It has good and defensible principles. It has a glorious record. It has noble reforms included in its purposes for the future. On these we can be both united and victorious. No matter, as the *Times* says, who our candidates may be, our principles are the essential elements of success. Our aims are true and patriotic, while those of the rebel Democracy are positively bad, in some respects diabolical. Let us arm for the battle, under the old, true, and time honored motto, "Principles, not men."

REACTION AT THE SOUTH.

The Charleston *News* uses some very sensible language in reference to the effect of Ku Klux outrages in the South. It does not attempt to deny the existence of the Ku Klux bands, nor that they have actually committed the depredations charged upon them. It does not seem, either to weep so much over the sins they commit, as over the effect they have in opening the eyes of the people of the North to the ruinous consequences which would follow the reinstatement of the Democratic party in power. It says:

"It is our duty to obey laws, to recognize the practical privileges conferred upon the freedmen by the State and Federal Constitutions, and above all to give no excuse for the declaration that Conservatism and Democracy are other words for riot and revolution. Governor Scott told the truth when he said the Ku Klux outrages only unite the Radical party and the address of the Democratic Congressmen points out the imperative necessity of refraining from playing into the hands of our adversaries. This State is potent for harm. The South Carolina Conservatives cannot insure the success of the Democratic party in the Presidential election, but they can go far to make certain its defeat. Ku Klux outrages here mean Radical majorities in the North. We must bear our ills in silence, remembering always that this people stand pledged to maintain the lawful privileges of all races of men, and that, besides, every rash act, every violation of law for political reasons is deferring the dawn of the blessed day which shall see the white man and the black man throughout the land secure in the enjoyment of true freedom and contentment.

The "ills" which the Southern people ought to "bear in silence" are those which the hot-heads of that section bring upon themselves by neglecting to put their feet upon all lawless and riotous men. No community or section can thrive in the midst of such alarms as have pervaded the South. The hope of the South is not, as the defeated rebels assert, in the triumph of the Democratic party, the driving out of the carpet-baggers, and the subjugation of the negro population, but in the continuance of the Republican party in power both in the State and National governments. This is evident from the fact that right on the heels of the most trifling Democratic successes anywhere, the Secesh democracy think their day is dawning, and creep out of their holes to begin the old plantation rule of the whip, pistol and bludgeon. Such men can never use power with moderation, and hence should never be trusted with it. The Republican party dare not now lay down its power. The work it has accomplished remains to be defended and more firmly established.

☞ Under the Congress of the old thirteen Confederate colonies, in 1775, the Postoffice Department consisted of a Postmaster General and a deputy, who had the superintendence of fifty postoffices and a few hundred miles of post routes. The United States Postoffice Department now embraces nine distinct bureaus, employs three hundred clerks, and directs the workings of more than 13,000 mail routes, extending over 224,000 miles. In addition, an Auditor of the Treasury with nine chiefs of division and one hundred and fifty clerks inspect and settle the accounts, of 7,300 mail contractors and 29,000 postmasters.

THE LIMIT OF MAGNANIMITY.

It is sometimes suggested, that since we won the victory in the late war, it would be becoming and magnanimous in us, to forget it as soon as possible. Since we have buried the hatchet, say they who talk thus, let us bury all recollections of the strife. Viewed from one stand-point, this is wise; from another it would be madness.

It is wise that we should forget the vindictive feelings which the war engendered, (which war *always* engenders,) but it would be madness for us to forget that grand issue, which was its real cause.

Our soldiers fought for the perpetuity of *one* government, *one* flag, *one* country—and the men and women of the North gave their time, and their means, and their sympathies, without stint, for this idea.

On the other hand, the soldiers of the South always claimed to be fighting for the independence of their States. They confederated together that they might not be overcome by the National army but the Virginian did not forget what he called the allegiance he owed his State, and the South Carolinian did not forget his arrogance. In nearly every great battle, a number (greater or less) of colors were captured, which were the flags of individual Southern States; whereas such a thing as the flag of a Northern State was utterly unknown in our army. The stars and stripes were the only colors recognized or thought of. Nor was this merely a matter of fancy. It was the outward sign of that idea which gloried in looking upon our entire land as "one and indivisible" and which scorned to think of anything less, whenever one thought of his country.

Is it wise that we should forget, or even become indifferent to this idea? The fundamental law proclaims that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." Yet if one of our neighbors chooses to make the South his home, no matter how much his energy and means may be needed, nor how much benefit he may confer, he is sure to become an object of hatred to many, and "carpet-bagger" is only one of the contemptuous epithets bestowed upon him.

This very word is itself a proof that those who so delight to use it, have neither forgotten nor abandoned the State's rights heresy. The army which fought to establish it was borne down, but the Ku Klox skulks for an opportunity to strike a blow in the dark. When it becomes plain that this doctrine of State Sovereignty has disappeared, and all that take pride in our common country, we may forget the strife which was so bitter and so costly. Till then it seems plain we shall never permit the places of power and responsibility to be filled by men whose integrity nor whose sympathies are doubtful.

Some of our politicians seem to see a huge bug-bear when they look at this question. They are so frightened when our enemies repeat the word centralization that they seem to lose their manliness.

Is it not the old question we decided long ago with the sword? We settled it then, finally and forever—and those who fail to recognize this fact will find themselves "settled" by the people as fast as their terms of office expire.

The Republican party has every reason to be satisfied with and proud of the position of President GRANT on this question. He has shown himself sound and thorough as a *national* man. He learned, during his sojourn at the South, the spirit and temper of the violent men who are now striving, through the Democratic party, to regain the political control of the whole country. The government has been sufficiently magnanimous and humane in forbearing to punish the leaders of the revolt. It is not called upon to clothe men of bad antecedents, bad principles and bad theories of government with power which they will use and abuse as they did when they were in power before.

HOMES FOR THE POOR.

The Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, of Massachusetts, is showing himself possessed of a far-reaching and considerate philanthropy by petitioning the Legislature of his State to so regulate the railroads centering in Boston, as that these roads shall be required to run cheap trains for the purpose of accommodating the poorer class who would be disposed to get homes in the country if they had cheap means of travelling back and forth. In his petition he states that two of the roads out of London carry passengers each way, a distance of ten miles into the country for two cents a day. In forcible words he says: "If you wish to see the laboring population healthy, sober, self-supporting, honest, chaste, religious, you must provide them with homes where health is not an exception, where decency is not an impossibility, where squalor and discomfort do not necessarily drive the husband and father to the rum shop."

There is no more beneficent form of philanthropy than that which proposes to aid the poor in gaining homesteads for themselves. The courts and crowded purlieus in which the laboring poor of great cities are crowded are generators of pestilence and vice, breeding every form of crime against society. Philanthropy as yet has not levied sufficient tribute in favor of humanity from steam power and railroad locomotion. Cheap railroad carriage which will allow the workman to reach his daily tasks from his suburban home, at a moderate charge, will remove his children from the temptations of the street and the discomforts and filth of tenement houses in courts and alleys of the city. In the country is fresh air and room to breathe it. Thrift can only come to men in fixed habitations. Next to a good conscience every man should make it his ambition to own the roof which covers him, and the ground on which his domicile stands. This ambition can be fulfilled by thousands now deprived of it, if some such arrangement as that proposed by Mr. QUINCY can be carried out.

☞ Send ten cents to W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio, and get three pieces of first-class music. See list elsewhere.

Burnett's Cocoaine is the best Hair-dressing.

EMIGRATION

We are not sorry to learn that the dissatisfied miners at Scranton, or at least a portion of them, are preparing to go west to take up public lands and each go to work for himself. This is the wisest way of solving the trouble existing in the coal mining regions between the employers and the employed. Between the tyranny of trades' unions on one side, and the rapacity of capitalists on the other, the individuality of the laborer is well nigh swallowed up, or what is the more literally true, he is in danger of being ground to powder between the two. The great west is inviting laborers to come and dig their living out of its broad and fertile bosom. There is much land yet to be possessed. When laboring men find themselves oppressed by capital or imbroiled in feuds with trades' unions, they can not do better than betake themselves to the primitive occupation of mankind in digging their living out of the generous earth.

The time was when emigration to the "Far West" was a formidable undertaking, and involved serious thought and long preparation before attempting it. The weary and protracted journey through a new country, over bad roads, and the loneliness, hardships, privations and perils of the new country were all calculated to appal the heart, and deter all but the most vigorous and bravehearted. Now men move in colonies—and over well-built railways right into the very regions where Uncle Sam offers every man a farm on condition of cultivating the same. No time is lost in travel. The difficulties of colonizing a new country are not a tithe of what they were twenty-five years ago.

Let no man stay in the older settlements to ask his rich neighbor's "leave to toil," when he can secure a homestead for himself by striking out boldly, trusting in God and his own honest endeavors to make a home for himself and his family. Strike for honest independence.

The North Pacific Railway is beckoning the landless men of this and all other countries toward the rich grain-growing region of Minnesota and the Red River. The journey from the remotest east can be made between one Sunday and another. The emigrant can subsist himself on the way, without paying tribute to landlords at hotels or eating-houses. The new lines of railway will give liberal terms to emigrants as a means of building up a permanent traffic for their roads. The right way to escape the troubles of the mines will be for workmen to quit working for others and go to work for themselves. A body of resolute miners setting out for Minnesota will do more to bring coal railroads and mine owners to terms than all the trades' unions which can be formed. There is land enough to give every family a home and work enough for all to do who wish to earn the bread they eat. Going west now is not the formidable affair it once was, and all may go who cannot do well where they are.

☞ The Mexican Congress began its regular session on the first day of April. The public documents usually submitted on such occasions have at length reached us. The President's message contains nothing which strikes the distant mind as important. Minister Romero, of the Treasurary Department, tries to make out that Mexico is very well fixed, financially. The Government has, he says, no foreign debt, although foreigners hold the bonds and the due bills of Mexico. No loans were ever made from foreign nations, but only from individuals and citizens of foreign nations, and, what is specially to the point, that if treaties with foreign nations afterwards made the Government's obligations international, the recognition of the Empire by those nations annulled the treaties and relieved the Government of such international obligations. This is an easy way to pay national debts.

☞ The Census Bureau, in compliance with a resolution of the Senate, has furnished complete returns of the national census. A few unimportant changes may yet be made before the report is finally complete. The total population of States is 38,104,840; Territories and the District of Columbia, 442,694. Total, 38,547,534. The Census Bureau expects to complete the first volume of the reports embracing statistics of the population in three months. It is now too late to make a preliminary report, as originally intended, as more complete details will be forthcoming before they will be required by Congress. Reports on social and industrial statistics are in such incomplete shape, requiring so many corrections, alterations and amendments, that it is not expected they will be ready for at least one year.

☞ Concerning the recent sale of the Cincinnati *Times* establishment, that paper of yesterday says: "The stock, fixtures, and good will of this paper was sold this morning at public sale for $138,550. Mr. WM. E. DAVIS was the purchaser. It is understood, however, that Mr. DAVIS bought the establishment for a company, of which he is a member. It should also be stated that the purchaser assumes the subscription liabilities of the weekly paper. The purchaser will take possession of the office on Monday, May 1st." It is stated that the *Chronicle* and the *Times* are to be merged into one paper. This will make a strong and we trust, profitable combination.

NEW MUSIC.—The May number of *Whitney's Musical Guest* is before us, containing the home song entitled "Strew Fresh Flowers o'er their Graves," the popular song and chorus, "Our Darling is an Angel Now," two pieces for the children, "Little Fingers March" and "Rural Schottisch," and two Sabbath School choruses, "The Better Way" and "Glorious Kingdom." Besides these, it contains a sketch of Mendelssohn, an incident in the life of the author of "Sweet Home," and a quantity of musical news and items. The *Guest* is published monthly at $1 a year.

THE COMMUNITY quickly discerns betwixt real merit and pretension. For more than thirty years the name of Lewis Rice, of the AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON, has been a synonym for good quarters for the traveler. In company with his son, this first-class hotel still maintains its high reputation.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMONG the names familiar to all classes of people is the name of Sanford C. Hill, who for forty years has been associated with astronomical information and almanac publications. Mr. Hill died in East Liverpool, Columbiana county, Ohio, on the 17th inst., in his seventy-fifth year. Mr. Hill was born near Pughtown, Western Virginia, June 20th, 1796. He received a liberal education, and in 1813 sought employment as clerk in a store in Pittsburgh. In 1818 he removed to Wellsville, Ohio, then but a cross roads and engaged in the mercantile business. In 1819, he removed his store to Liverpool, Ohio, it being the first dry goods store ever opened in the town. September 26th, 1820, he was married, his wife dying in 1832, leaving him four children. He married again in 1833, the second wife living till June 25th, 1866, also leaving four children. In 1826, or thereabouts he closed up his mercantile business and engaged in that of civil engineering. For more than forty years he made practical surveying his chief business, and was largely employed in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Mr. HILL was a close and ardent student of astronomy, and the various branches of mathematics, and for forty-two years made a series of almanac calculations for the publishers of the country.

CINCINNATI, hereafter, it appears is to have but one leading afternoon daily. The sale of the *Times* office on the 26th to the stockholders of the *Chronicle* Company was an event which will stand as a reference point in the history of Newspaperdom in the West for many years.

The sale was made on a mutual agreement between the surviving partners and the administrators of CALVIN W. STARBUCK, deceased, in order to close up the business of the late partnership. The bidders were BEN. EGGLESTON and others, of the *Chronicle* Company, represented by W. E. DAVIS; JOSEPH GLENN, for himself, A. W. FRANCISCO, ASA CLARK, SETH SWIGGETT and others; F. W. HURTT, for himself and others; and T. H. KECKELER. The bidding was quite active between Messrs. DAVIS and GLENN from $75,000 up to $138,000, when Mr. DAVIS bid fifty dollars more, and presently the *Times* was knocked down to the *Chronicle*. As the publishers are to publish the weekly *Times* without compensation for 16 weeks to come, the price paid is really $170,000. The papers after May 1st, will be consolidated as the Cincinnati Evening *Times and Chronicle*, Business conducted in the *Times* buildings.

ANOTHER case of juries being afflicted with the disposition to go "contrary to general expectation," is before us. The trial of Mrs. CATHERINE ROBERTS in the United States Court at Cincinnati, was concluded on Wednesday evening. Mrs. ROBERTS is a woman nearly seventy years old. Her house, No. 30 David street, has been for years past the resort of the most expert counterfeit dealers, male and female, in the western country, and in her family connections she combined some of the shrewdest and most dangerous operators in crime. She was singularly successful in escaping detection and punishment, although it is asserted that scores of her victims, have gone to the penitentiary. Her art was to dispose of counterfeit money after receiving it from the counterfeiter, and in this she operated with remarkable tact and ability. Her age and experience inspired confidence in the young, who, without forethought or any appreciation of the depth of the crime or the dangerous consequences it entailed, rushed headlong wherever she was pleased to direct, while she was always shrewd enough to avoid the danger herself. The trial had occupied three days, and the case, we are told, was ably conducted on both sides. The case went to the jury about 7 o'clock in the evening. "Contrary to general expectation," the jury did not deliberate some hours, but returned to the court room in fifteen minutes with a verdict of guilty. This conviction is considered a marked event in the history of counterfeiting.

THE colored citizens of Nebraska have called a National Convention of delegates from the several States at St. Louis, on the 23d of September next, to consider the subject of education, and also to come to some agreement as to the day hereafter to be annually observed in commemoration of their release from servitude and attainment of the rights of citizens.

It is an encouraging fact, that in nearly all of the new Western States, the efforts in the way of providing a good system of education show the right spirit and show also that these communities propose to profit by the experience of older States. An examination of the records of the new States will show, as is natural under the circumstances, that there are comparatively few schools but that in these, teachers are well paid and that the local laws are such as to develop a very good system. In some of these States there has been a cutting loose from what we may term mere notions in education, and such action as shows a disposition to do away with old prejudices, with a realization of the demands of such communities. That the colored citizens of Nebraska have called this national convention is evidence that colored citizens, as well as white citizens, of the new States are considering this question of education as it ought to be considered, and that they, with the pioneer tendency to grapple with unsettled questions, have taken hold at the right time. The Convention, if it result in nothing more than the discussion of the educational question by colored men, and the expression of views, will be a good move. There is an appropriateness, too, in considering the question in connection with a day to be annually observed in commemoration of the release from servitude of so many of the colored people.

IN regard to the identification of signatures by experts, a New Orleans paper recalls this incident: A gentleman asked the paying teller for a blank check, drew it on the spot to his own order and presented it; the teller glanced at the face of the paper, turned it over and handed it back, asking that it be endorsed. This done and the check returned, the teller looked at the endorsement, then at the first signature, and again at the endorsement, smiled distractedly and said: "If I had not myself seen you write those two signatures I would not pay this check, for they are not at all similar." It is a curious but lamentable fact that in this country very few men write their own names legibly or with any regularity. In all offices of record, State or County, where signatures are to be copied, the officer or clerk rarely succeeds in deciphering the names signed to the document, and as written by the individuals themselves, but turns to the body of the work, written, it may be, in indifferent schoolboy hand, where the names are catalogued in compliance with law. This list, written stiffly as it is, is the key by which the names are correctly copied. This state of affairs exists all over the country and the experiences of recorders, Secretaries of State, etc., in the way of signatures, would be a rich contribution to the curiosities of penmanship. In a company of a hundred men there are a few who write their names as if proud of them and with a "John Hancock" majesty in the sweep of the pen. For example no one would ever mistake the signature of Hon. J. D. COX, Ex Secretary of the Interior or R. R. COWAN, present Assistant Secretary, same Department, or Hon. WM. DENNISON, Ex-Postmaster General. Any man can think, perhaps, of a dozen such cases and in nine cases out of every ten, the list will not include himself. Let some man, HORACE GREELEY, for example, propose and push energetically, a reform in signatures.

THE FAIR-CRITTENDEN murder trial or the trial of LAURA D. FAIR for the murder of A. E. CRITTENDEN, at San Francisco, was concluded April 26. The jury remained out only 40 minutes and returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. We are told that in San Francisco, this verdict was not generally believed possible until within the last week, and that nearly every body expected the trial to prove a perfect farce and end in the acquittal of the prisoner or disagreement of the jury. The later developments in the course of the trial caused this expectation to be abandoned, and it is said nine-tenths of the people regard the verdict as a just and proper vindication of the laws. It is scarcely necessary to review the case, as the facts have been brought prominently before the people. The disposition to treat the considerations and verdicts of juries lightly is one of the bad tendencies of the times. If the verdict is in accordance with the popular view, as in this case, people talk of the sacredness of a verdict, but if the same men, after as careful an investigation, should in some other case equally prominent, in which parties equally notorious were concerned, render a verdict not in accordance with public view, the people and even leading papers would ridicule the verdict, impeach the jurors and sneer at the assumed gravity of the transaction. This tendency is to be discountenanced. It is to be presumed that twelve honest men, listening carefully to every detail of a case, details that cannot go in all their minuteness to the public, and having the law interpreted by able Judges, will render such verdict as they believe to be just, etc. Our California friends supposed that because there was "a woman in the case," because she was still pretty and charming, that the trial would be a farce, that a murderess would go unpunished, and free lovelism in its worst form go unrebuked. In the result, the people stand rebuked, but they pocket very little of said rebuke.

There were some fearful scenes when the Nebraska State Insane Asylum, in Lincoln, was burned by an incendiary fire on the night of the 16th inst. During the early stage of the fire one of the inmates seized a club and threatened to kill all the women and children. Two insane men who had been confined in an upper room, and when the watchman released them and endeavored to get them out, they insisted upon returning to their rooms again. They perished in the flames.

This is the experience in all institutions of the kind in case of destructive fires. When the Central Lunatic Asylum, in this State was destroyed by fire, it will be remembered that many citizens who crawled at the risk of their lives through dense smoke and under threatening flames to distant cells were met by most furious resistance and their lives imperilled anew. The persons who perished from suffocation were those whose insanity perhaps made them unconscious of danger, or more furious. The excitement of sane people, in time of fire, has something of insanity about it, then what must be the fury of the insane. The lesson taught in this is that buildings for such people must be made fire proof and the arrangements must be such that the inmates can be taken from the building with the greatest expedition and with no complicated manœuvers made necessary by even the most extraordinary circumstances. Insane Asylums should be constructed under the direct superintendence of a man who understands the insane, their peculiarities and their wants. There should be no yielding to architects directions when this yielding endangers, in the least degree, the safety of inmates by departure from rules that apply perhaps only in the cases of the insane. The completeness in the way of architectural beauty and convenience has been duly considered in the building of insane asylums. Let the thought now go inward and look to the positive safety to the insane of insane asylums, so that there may be no more such records as the above. In the building of such an institution the services of an excellent specialist on the subject of insanity are as valuable as when the institution is in running order and his attention is given to the care of patients.

CANARY BIRDS are looming up as an important article of commerce. The importation of canary birds to America this season is said to be unprecedented, no less than fifty thousand of the birds having been shipped to four parties in New York and two in Philadelphia. The grand source from which all countries derive their supply of canaries is the Hartz Mountains in Germany, where almost the entire peasantry set apart a single room in their houses for the breeding of these little creatures. A small revenue additional to that derived from the regular occupation of each family is proaded in this way, something as families in the Eastern States devote spare moments of time to braiding straw hats. Artificial nests are hung up on the walls of the apartment, where the birds propagate plentifully all through the months of March and April. About the 1st of September the young are at an age suitable for market, and New York importers improve the opportunity to visit Germany, going through numerous villages in person, and buying up sometimes a dozen birds in one place and twenty-five or thirty in another. The average cost of each bird landed in New York in good health is computed at $2.10.

THE loading of a train of eleven palace stock cars at St. Louis, on the 21st, with one hundred and seventy-six steers for New York direct, is regarded as an interesting event by railroad and stock men. The cars were loaded in from six and a half to ten minutes each, and were expected to reach New York in ninety-six hours, the cattle being fed and watered on the transit. The old mode of shipment required two hundred and forty hours for the same distance. So, in addition to the other advantages in the way of benefit to stock, we have in this improved mode of transportation the advantage of speed. This will enlist in the cause even those who would care very little for the humanitarian features of the reform and the "interesting event" is no doubt the opening record of a successful campaign. The success is secured, if rates of transportation are made such as to bring the cars at once into use, not in the way of a mere experiment, but into use as answering the demands of shippers, &c.

PERHAPS no institutions for the education of what are termed the unfortunate classes present so fair a record as those for the education of the deaf and dumb. The graduates of these institutions go out into life to be useful, and in many cases prominent and influential, citizens. There has been much improvement in this branch of education and in all such cases education makes such amends for the infirmity that the persons enter the lists in the life struggle, with as fair a prospect of success, as others blessed with power to speak and hear. In this country many deaf mutes have acquired fortunes and others fame in departments of mechanics and art. The argument is, that such infirmities do not incapacitate. When a man is only deaf and still has the vocal organs perfect he may succeed in almost every avenue open to ambitious men. In the new German Parliament there is one member who is as deaf as a post, and yet he not only delivers frequent and excellent speeches, but mingles as freely in the debates and answers his adversaries' attacks as readily and unhesitatingly as any of his colleagues. This is the famous historian Heinrich von Treitschke. He is enabled to take part in the discussion, not by the use of finer language, nor by guessing an orator's words from the motion of his lips, but by the services of one of his fellow-members, Herr Wehrenpfennig, who acts as his friend's amanuensis, writing down, word by word, every speech delivered in the House.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, after consulting with his legal advisers, will hold that the recent decision of the Supreme Court against imposing an income tax on State Judges, does not apply to any other officers of the States. The Government will refund all taxes collected of State Judges.

Gen. Spinner has had a relapse and will not be able to leave for Europe as soon as he expected.

Agents sent abroad to work for the new loan report that capitalists are hard to persuade. It is suggested that if the interest had been made payable abroad, there would have been less trouble in negotiating the loan.

Some Canadians who have been watching the work of the Joint High Commission, are greatly disappointed that no provision has been made for reciprocity in the trade with the Provinces. They were led to believe that in the settlement of the fishery navigation of the St. Lawrence and other questions, they would get greater advantages than they have had since the abrogation of the old treaty. Our government has indicated its willingness to consider this as an independent proposition.

The North Pacific Railroad has advertised in the papers on the Pacific coast for proposals for the construction of the first 25 miles of the road in Washington Territory.

GOSSIP.

Some enthusiastic Tyrolese raised the German flag on the birthday of the Emperor William on the highest peak of the Brenner mountains.

Gen. Spinner has been Treasurer of the United States for ten years, and has handled in that time the very large sum of $50,000,000,000.

An Indian woman named Wee-Ne-Te-Mow who, with her three sons, was at Tippecanoe when Tecumseh was slain, has just died at Elbridge, Michigan. She was 1,392 moons old.

Mary Killgore, after being graduated at the University of Ann Arbor, was recently admitted to the bar of Michigan, and is the first practicing woman lawyer the State has yet known.

The latest style at a dinner party is to have a fan placed at each lady's plate, on which is printed the bill of fare, and on the side of which is a small looking-glass, so that she is able to survey herself and keep cool.

Nast has burlesqued Dore by illustrating an edition of the Bible, and some of the pictures are very laughable. Nast excels in political caricature, but he will gain no friends among respectable people by ridiculing sacred things.

Hudson, the great English railroad king, though once worth his millions, is now dependent on his friends for support. And now comes Dr. Strasburg, the railroad potentate of Prussia, whose debts will swamp his whole property. Whose turn will it next be?

General Anthony Kimmell, known as the "Farmer of Linganore," died on his farm near Frederick, Md., on the 24th of April, in his 73d year. He was one of the Harrison electors, a decided rebel sympathizer in the late war, and the second oldest Mason in the State.

The recent explorations in Jerusalem have excited the greatest interest among the Masonic fraternity, on account of the discovery of what are believed to be "Masons' marks" on a considerable number of the immense foundation stones recently uncovered under the debris of the temple.

Some nice little boys went to Barnum's Circus the other day, and thought they would have some fun by irritating the big alligator. The monster was pretty thick skioned, and stood it for some time, but after a while he managed to get loose, and went for his tormentors with open jaws. The place was cleared in the twinkling of an eye, and the boys didn't trouble the alligator any more that afternoon.

THE BUCKEYE GRAIN DRILL AND SEED SOWER.—We call attention of our agricultural readers to the advertisement of the Buckeye Grain Drill and Seed Sower, manufactured by THOMAS & MAST, Springfield, Ohio. We have known of this machine for years, we know personally hundreds of the best farmers in the country who use them and would have no other, and have no hesitation in recommending them. They combine more good qualities than any machine for the purpose before the public and whoever buys them does a good thing for himself. We ask our farmer friends in need of a drill or seed sower to remember the Buckeye before making their order.

AMERICAN BROILER.—This household implement and one of the most valuable in the wide range of kitchen furniture, is advertised in another column. This Broiler commends itself to every one who uses it, or who eats of the meat cooked upon it, and is indeed all that the manufacturer claims for it. We advise every reader to peruse the description of the implement contained in the advertisement.

FARMERS, why be swindled by false weights when you can buy four-ton Hay Scales for $75, 14 feet long, 7 feet wide? Jones Binghamton, N. Y., sends free price list.
may4-4t

See "Birdie tells Winnie I'm waiting," in advertisement.

$10 From 50 Cents.

Something urgently needed by everybody. Call and examine, or twelve samples sent (postage free) for fifty cents that retails readily for ten dollars.

R. L. WOLCOTT,
181 Chambers Square, N. Y.
my1-tw20w5-6mo-24

To Cure A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. 20cow26-4

Correspondence.

Washington Letters.

THE KU KLUX DEBATE—ITS EFFECT ON REVIVING THE OLD ISSUES AND UNITING THE REPUBLICANS—WHAT HAS CAUSED THE ERA OF GOOD FEELING—THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.

WASHINGTON, April 25, '71

The debate on the Ku Klux bill, in both Houses, has shown that the Democratic party has learned nothing from the impressive lessons of the last ten years, and that it stands to-day as it did during the war, against the old Democratic doctrine of equal rights, and against the elevation of the negro to citizenship and suffrage. The effect has been to open the eyes of many halting Republicans and to induce a very general feeling that the time has not yet come for casting aside the issues raised by the war and disbanding the Republican party.

Whoever has carefully watched the proceedings of Congress through the last winter, must have seen how Republicans separated from each other and fell into discordancies the instant that they undertook to occupy new ground. The tariff, the revenue, questions of subsidy, the appropriation of lands for building railroads, and all matters of political economy, divided them as completely as the old questions had divided them from the Democracy. The Democrats saw this with indescribable gratification and could not conceal their exultation at the sure prospect of again returning to power.

It is strange, that under such circumstances, they did not have the tact to keep these new issues before the public. Had they done so they could not have failed to shiver the party of the war into the merest fragments. But they could not help nourishing their old hatreds and thrusting in their old defeated issues. It is exceedingly fortunate for them that their leaders have bitter animosities and cruel grudges, and cannot forget that they have been beaten.

The advent of Frank Blair in the Senate will probably be the salvation of the Republican party. He is a bold, dashing, unscrupulous leader, and it is exceedingly difficult for a party not to be captivated by his enterprising forays and pretentious assaults. His Broadhead letter made him the candidate of his party for Vice President three years ago, and his persistent determination to break down negro suffrage, to defy the validity of reconstruction and to maintain the nullity of the constitutional amendments has met with a warm response among his party friends in Congress, and they have consequently stood by him against all secondary issues. He is preeminently the Southern leader; and his strong speech apologizing for the outrages of the Ku Klux and shielding them against effective measures of suppression, brings all the old rebel leaders to his side and makes it certain that in case of Democratic success the old rebel element will be the ruling power.

This fact stands out so conspicuously in the Ku Klux debate that it has startled loyal men of all political shades, and they see, as they have not before seen, the dangers that lie before them. It was also made to appear that the Democracy were relying on the Ku Klux organizations to carry the Southern States; and hence, while they stoutly disclaimed any complicity with them and mildly denounced their proceedings, they found abundant apologies for their conduct in the offensive measures of Congress. In fact Mr. Blair explicitly declared that Congress was the original Ku Klux, and had, by its unconstitutional and outrageous legislation provoked the South to these measures of self defense against "negroes," "carpet baggers" and "scallawags."

Of course if the Ku-Klux Democracy succeed in their scheme of alarming the negroes and keeping them from the polls; if they drive out all the teachers and friends of the black man; if they silence the courts and paralyze the executive officers, they will carry every Southern State; and if a sufficient number of the States North go with them they will elect the President. Then, the rebels being in the majority, they will have complete control and will be able to do as they please; and what they will please to do is suggested by the Ku-Klux spirit that pervades those States.

They may refuse to pay the pensions to our soldiers; they may refuse to pay the national debt; they may distranchise the new citizens; they may pass an ordinance of separation, and thus accomplish by peaceful means what they failed to accomplish by war. That they are full of malignity and hatred is very evident from the bold and reckless war which they are waging against all loyal men; and the course of the Northern Democracy in sustaining them and refusing to do anything to put a check on their murderous designs, has aroused the the Republican leaders and demonstrated the necessity of dropping all minor issues, unfurling the old banner, and fighting the battle of 1871 on the issue of saving what our good swords have won. This is the real meaning of the "era of good feeling" which has arisen at this capital and which is evidently to take possession of the country.

The Joint High Commission had a meeting on Saturday, which indicates that they have received answers to the dispatches sent by cable to the English Government. Of course there is a variety of contradictory statements in regard to what has been done, but all the indications are favorable and I fully credit those statements which set forth that a treaty is well nigh perfected covering the fishery question, the navigation of the St. Lawrence, the settlement of the north western boundary, the Alabama claims, and the British claims on us growing out of the war. Of course the extra session of the Senate was called with reference to this treaty. BUCKEYE.

THE TROTTING OUT OF MR. TRUMBULL—THE POWER TO ENFORCE THE RIGHTS OF CITIZENS—THE DELEGATE MEETING OF THE Y. M. C. A.—THE APRIL DROUGHT.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

WASHINGTON, April 27, 1871.

The movement in favor of Mr. Trumbull as the candidate of the Republican party for President in 1872, comes from the Boston *Journal*, but is understood to be the result of an under current centering around the New York *Post*, the Chicago *Tribune* and the Cincinnati *Commercial* and other free trade organs. Mr. Trumbull is an old Democratic politician and does not forget the political economy or the political theories which he learned in that party and would be a very suitable candidate for those who wish to give prominence in the canvas to revenue reforms and other side issues; but the straight Republicans would be pretty apt to remember that he was one of the immortal six who interposed to shield Andrew Johnson from the just indignation of a wronged and insulted people. Mr. Trumbull will hardly do.

The mention of Mr. Trumbull in this connection reminds me that he was very fearful about doing violence to the constitution in the late Ku Klux debate, and voted with the Democrats against the bill. These old Democratic politicians cannot forget the resolutions of '98 and the State rights theories that were prevalent for so many years and that finally dragged us into the late civil war. They still cling to the idea that the States are sovereign and that the Federal Government does violence to this sovereignty when it "goes into a State" to command the enforcement of a law.

The admirable speech of Senator Edmund's related mainly to this point, and, since the renowned controversy of Hayne and Webster on the same subject, nothing has appeared from the United States Senate so conclusive against these old pro-slavery theories. The policy of the old Democracy was in holding that, because the States were sovereign in some things, and hence, they claimed the right by State action to secede and break up the Union.

Mr. Edmonds showed wherein this view was wrong under the constitution as it then stood and how greatly the case had been strengthened by the adoption of the new amendments. Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Thurman stood together in claiming that the new amendments really conferred no additional powers; but Mr. Edmunds made it clear that the clause giving Congress the right to enforce by "appropriate legislation," removed doubts and obstructions which the decisions of pro-slavery courts had raised. Citizenship, under the old constitution, had become altogether a matter of the State. A man was a citizen of the United States because he was the citizen of some State, and as the States made whoever they pleased citizens it had been decided by the highest court that certain classes of persons were not citizens, and Mr. Edmonds held that they could, by a similar process of reason and action, reduce to slavery a citizen of New York or Vermont who was not of African descent. The new amendments changed all this. They defined explicitly who were citizens of the United States, and they gave the power to enforce the citizenship thus declared.

While the powers of the general government were limited by the Constitution to certain things, they were supreme in regard to what was granted. Thus, in the matter of commerce, it went into the States with its custom houses, postoffices and officers, and carried on its legitimate business without regard to the individual interests of the States.

In the case of citizenship the power granted by the Constitution was equally explicit. After declaring that "all persons born in the United States (or naturalized) and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens," then is this further declaration:—That "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens." The Democrats contended that this was a command to the States; but Mr. Edwards inquired what the remedy would be should it be disregarded by the States. It would not be a declaration of war against the offending State, but a process of overruling the offensive legislation through the courts and the executive arm. The Constitution having declared who citizens were, and laid its hands forbiddingly on the States, had also provided that their rights should be enforced through Congress by "appropriate legislation."

Hence the duty of protection was as clear as the duty of allegiance. The government must take care to maintain the rights of its own citizens, and to do this was not to "go down into the States," as some gentleman had expressed it, implying a violence to that rights, but simply through the ordinary channels to enforce a law—a law in accordance with the constitution, and which therefore bound the courts and the executive officers, whatever might be the action of the State. It was a law which had behind it the whole power of the government, and which was to be enforced on the individual citizen.

The HighCommission has adjourned for a week, and is understood to be waiting for the written protocol duly signed by the English authorities.

The Young Men's Christian Association is making large preparations for the delegate meeting in this city next month and provision is being made for entertaining over a thousand delegates.

To-day is the 27th day of the month, and we have had only one very moderate shower since April Fool's day. The result is that grass has pretty much stopped growing and early fruits and vegetables are considerably retarded.

BUCKEYE.

[Correspondence of the BLADE.]

Railroad Celebration.

Newark and Straitsville R. R.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
NEWARK, April 27, 1871.

THE CELEBRATION.

EDITORS BLADE:—The celebration of the opening of the first section of the Newark and Straitsville Railroad is still in progress at this hour, half past nine at night. Somerset is rejoicing over its first-born railroad by a dance, and Newark is holding a sort of a railroad "conversazione" in a room so near that the clicking of the glasses might be heard. Railroad men, journalists and invited guests are enjoying a feast of railroad and a flow of wine, and Newark, although it has been a railroad centre for years, feels more railroad pride to-night than ever, for the Newark and Straitsville road is mainly a Newark enterprise and is thought to be chiefly in the interest of Newark.

THE EXCURSION TO SOMERSET.

Two excursion trains left Newark this morning at ten o'clock for Somerset. Both trains were crowded, and among those on board were a number of railroad men, manufacturers and journalists from abroad. An immense crowd greeted the arrival of the trains at Somerset, and the excursionists were escorted to the public square, where the address and reception common to such occasions were inflicted, after which the public were admitted, a hall full at a time, to a bountiful dinner in the Town Hall. We say bountiful advisedly, for this was the first railroad experience for Somerset, and we have seen nothing to equal the supply of food piled up on the tables since witnessing a railroad opening in a country town in our boyhood.

THE NEWARK AND STRAITSVILLE ROAD.

This railroad is the revival of a road projected some twenty years ago under the name of the Scioto and Hocking Valley Railroad, to extend from Newark to Portsmouth. It was designed to penetrate the chief coal and iron region of Ohio, passing through Straitsville, McArthur, and Jackson, to Portsmouth on the Ohio river. The road bed was constructed from Newark to Somerset, when the project was abandoned. In 1867, the Newark and Straitsville Railroad Company was incorporated, and in 1868, the organization was completed by the election of a Board of Directors, with a view to purchasing and using the graded road-bed to Somerset. This purchase was effected for the small sum of $27,000, including the depot grounds in Newark, which are now considered worth that amount, the Company thus securing the road-bed for nothing. This portion of the road, twenty four miles in length, is now completed, and trains will be run hereafter to Somerset. Work is being actively pushed on the remaining section, which is twenty-one miles in length, from Somerset to Straitsville. Newark and Straitsville are at present the nominal termini of the road, but the Company contemplate reviving the old project along the whole line to Portsmouth, or probably touching the Ohio river at Ironton. This would give the road a connection with the Chesapeake and Ohio Road at Catlettsburg, the Kentucky terminus. The road would have one important advantage of the Atlantic and Lake Erie as at present projected to Pomeroy, viz: it would penetrate the heart of the Ohio mineral region, which the Atlantic and Lake Erie leaves to the West.

But the Company is not content with pushing southward only. It contemplates a road northward which shall connect the present road with Toledo and Chicago by a more direct route than the present one by way of Monroeville. A meeting will be held in a few days to consider the feasibility of constructing a road by way of Delaware and Marion to Ottawa, or to Lima.

The Norwalk and Straitsville road is almost wholly a Licking and Perry County enterprise. The officers are Newark and Somerset men, and it is claimed that, owing to the favorable circumstances under which the road has been built, the company will be able to keep it in present hands.

IMPORTANCE OF THE ROAD TO TOLEDO.

The Company expect to have the road completed to Straitsville before next winter. This will give Toledo a second, and a much shorter, route to the Straitsville coal fields. In the event of a connection with the Sandusky and Newark road by way of Woodville, the Straitsville and Newark road will be the third section of our coal road. Should the Atlantic & Lake Erie road be built, however, this would be our most direct and advantageous route to the Perry county coal fields. The friends of the Newark and Straitsville road feel confident that the Atlantic and Lake Erie will not be built, while the friends of the latter appear to be sanguine of success. It is to be regretted that Toledo cannot or does not extend more encouragement to the Atlantic and Lake Erie road. Whether the route as at present projected is the best in all respects may be questioned, but it proposes to give us, whatever intermediate points it may touch, a comparatively direct and competing line to probably the richest coal deposit in Ohio.

However, Toledo must be greatly the gainer by the completion of the Newark and Straitsville road. We are at present receiving the Straitsville coal in limited quantities by way of Columbus and Piqua, and this completion will give us a competing route by way of Monroeville. The Woodville road will give us partly a third route and the Atlantic and Lake Erie will, if built, give us a fourth. Between these routes, the Straitsville coal can be laid down in Toledo at such rates as will make it available for steam and domestic purposes and especially for the manufacture of iron, for which it has no superior in the United States. The Newark & Straitsville company desire to reach Toledo both as a market and as a point in shipping this coal to Chicago. For shipment by lake, Sandusky, at present, seems to offer the greatest advantages, and it is possible that our neighboring lake city will ultimately do a large business in the handling of this coal, and probably in the use of it in smelting iron. Toledo, however, should be, and no doubt could be made the coal receiving and distributing city of the Northwest.

To-morrow there will be an excursion of railroad officials and members of the press to the Straitsville mines, from which point we shall write more fully concerning this extraordinary coal deposit.

Members of the press attending the celebration are under obligations to the officers, but especially to Mr. J. L. BIRKEY, of this city, one of the Directors of the road, for much courtesy. The attention shown by the proprietors of the American and Lansing (formerly Preston) Houses also deserve more than the stereotyped allusion, for so far as the BLADE correspondent has experienced, it is of the exceptional kind.

JOURNALIST.

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

The Northern Pacific Railroad—Its Land Grant.

[Correspondence of the BLADE.]

PART IV.

DULUTH, Minn., May 1st, 1871.

BUSINESS OF THE ROAD.

Before considering the extent and value of its land grant, let me call the attention of your readers to some of the more ordinary business resources of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Generally rivers create or concentrate a traffic for the benefit of the cities located on their banks, but the business of the many navigable streams of the Northwest will naturally be poured into the Northern Pacific, as if it were another river into which they severally emptied. And here it is well to observe the partiality and prodigality of Nature to the Northern route.

Along the Union Pacific, from Omaha to Sacramento, 1,800 miles, you find no navigable stream, unless the North Platte may be termed such—a stream which, at its best, will float boats of a very limited capacity; but so well adapted is the northern region to the commerce of the untold millions of the future that, with but a few hundred miles of portage, you can sail all the way from Duluth to Puget Sound. The trade of the Columbia river, one of the largest streams of the continent, is interrupted by rapids at the cascades; and hence will there be transferred to this railroad. That trade even now engages nineteen steamers, and its profitableness is apparent from the fact that during the last ten years, with an original capital of only $172,500, it has paid its stockholders over a million dollars in gold as dividends, and over $2,000,000 besides have been expended in steamers, railroads, wharves, &c. Further east we find that the Missouri river, instead of being an independent route, is but a vein to the great artery. Where it crosses the Northern Pacific, at the Great Bend, its trade will inevitably take that road to Duluth or St. Paul in preference to the fifteen hundred miles of torturous, difficult, and often dangerous travel to St. Louis. During this present generation the trade of the Upper Missouri will annually amount to many millions.

THE EXTENT OF THE LAND GRANT.—Save to secure money for the construction of the road, the land grant of the Northern Pacific was an unnecessary act of Congressional generosity. Three miles of country on either side of the track will support a railroad in England. This company will own as its own private property over 60,000,000 acres, or 93,000 square miles, which is greater than the area of the six New England States, West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and the District of Columbia combined; is double the size of Pennsylvania, and equal to the united area of Portugal, Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark and the Roman States, an area now sustaining a population of fourteen millions.

THE VALUE OF THE LAND GRANT.—The lands of the Kansas Pacific Railway have been sold at an average price of $14.31 per acre. Most of them are within the limits of what was described in the atlases of my boyhood, "The great American Desert;" neither large towns nor natural sites for such towns are there to be found. No water-courses intersperse the country, and that railway can never rise to a greater importance than as a first-class way road. But its lands are worth the price they brought, and if so, how much more are the lands of the Northern Pacific worth? Yet at that price they would command $260,000,000—more than double the largest estimate of the expense of constructing the road. It sold at $6.30, the average price received for the school lands of Minnesota, which are in part within the "limits" of this road, they would bring $378,000,000. If nursed and sold on judicious credits, as were the lands of the Illinois Central, the proceeds would be, on the basis of that road's sales $550,000,000.

OPINIONS OF OPPONENTS OF THE GRANT.—In unsuccessfully opposing the extension of the former grant, Senator Thurman, of Ohio, said: "You give to the road its right of way, four hundred feet wide, far more than it can have any necessity for. You give it (from the public lands reserved for settlers) all the materials it needs, all the ground needed for work shops, depot stations, and the like, and in addition to that you give it land worth, at the lowest Government price, $32,000 to the mile, and that to build a road which can be built more cheaply than any road of equal length could be on the face of the globe, because nature has graded the whole of that road from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Superior. Why, sir, I affirm, and affirm without fear of successful contradiction, (he was not contradicted) that the grants made by the charter of this company will defray every dollar of expense of building and equipping the road, so that the results of the whole thing is simply that the Government builds and equips this road and gives it to a private corporation."

Another estimate of its value, and coming from an expert it is more reliable, is that of Mr. Wilson, who, as its commissioner, organized the Land Department of the Illinois Central road. He says: "With all the information I have collected, and an experience enjoyed by but few, I consider the grant to the Northern Pacific Railroad worth from fifty to one hundred per cent. more than the Central's. [Its lands were sold at an average of more than eleven dollars per acre.] Comparing this grant with that of the Illinois Central, I think it a small estimate to say that if this grant is properly managed it will build the entire road, connecting with the present terminus of the Grand Trunk (of Canada), through to Puget Sound, and head of navigation on the Columbia; fit out an entire fleet of sailing vessels and steamers for the China, East India, and coasting trade, and have a surplus that will roll up to millions."

A RIVAL ROAD IMPOSSIBLE.—It was generally admitted in the debates in Congress relative to this land grant that the Government, by this grant, would put it out of its power to aid any future rival road, unless it trenched upon the alternate sections reserved for homestead and pre-emption, a proposition which the united voice of public indignation would smother at its birth.

THE NECESSITY FOR THIS GRANT.—When the American people come to realize the magnitude and value of this land grant they will ask, "Was it necessary?" The answer is, "Do not the best interests of the nation demand the building, on American soil, of a highway for the commerce of Asia and Europe? Do they not demand the rapid development of the Northwest, which is impossible without the construction of this road?" This road could not be built without such Governmental aid as would at once stamp it as a national enterprise, and command the confidence, at home and abroad, of men of small means, as well as capitalists. The time will soon come when all will realize that this grant far exceeds in value that of the Central route, even if the money loaned had been a gift instead of a subsidy. If the Northern Pacific Company has been too richly endowed, the blame, if any, will fall on no grasping spirit of that company, but on the ignorance of the American people as to the resources of the Northwest. Though in the end far less remunerative, that company would have preferred less land, with a Government loan for even the ignorant can understand cash in hand. Knowing the popular ignorance concerning the vast wealth of the region their road was designed to traverse, they knew a stupendous gift from the Government was necessary to create that confidence, without which the funds required to build the road could not be secured. So they asked largely and wisely: Congress gave largely. Now, they can present their bonds, backed as no other bonds ever were except those issued to save a nation's life. Soon the popular mind will look upon them as being in a measure Government bonds; and their early negotiation and the consequent completion of the road will at once testify to their sagacity and to their confidence in Him at whose touch the rock of our national credit was smitten to let forth a stream of patriotic wealth for the maintenance of Liberty and the Republic. H.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—The following letter was written to-day by Commissioner Pleasanton to Supervisor Dutcher, of New York:

SIR:—It appears there is a misunderstanding as to the proper execution of the acts of Congress assessing incomes; the following decision will govern Section 11, of the act of Congress of July 14, 1870, requiring every person of lawful age whose gross income during the preceding year exceeds $2,000, to make and render a return to the Assistant Assessor of the district in which he resides. Persons whose incomes are less than $2,000 are not required to make returns, nor is there any authority of law to Assessors or Assistant Assessors to call for such returns. In case any Assessor or Assistant Assessor has sufficient evidence that a person who has not made a return on income has defrauded the Government, then they will proceed against such person as is prescribed by law. A. PLEASANTON,
Commissioner.

Seventeen representatives of the Japanese government, in addition to those already in Washington, arrived to-day, and paid their respects to the President. They will leave for Europe some time this week.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—The decision expected to be made by the Supreme Court to-morrow sustaining the validity of gold contracts, will have reference to contracts for the delivery of gold bullion or specified weights of gold in coin money, and not to contracts calling merely for the payment of a certain number of dollars in gold.

CHICAGO, April 25.—The debt of Chicago is $14,470,000; the city expenditures last year were $12,030,000, and the receipts $13,700,000; the amount in the hands of the Treasurer is $1,977,000.

Secretary Boutwell, accompanied by a large party of prominent citizens, made an excursion on Lake Michigan to-day. He leaves to-morrow evening for Washington.

Hon. Sharon Tyndale, late Secretary of State of Illinois, was murdered on a public street of Springfield early Saturday morning while on his way from his residence to the depot to take the train for St. Louis. He was shot probably by a robber. No clue has yet been obtained to the murderer, for whose detection a large reward will be offered. Great excitement prevails at Springfield and the Mayor has offered $1,000 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers, and doubtless the reward will be largely increased by Mr. Tyndale's Friends. Mr. Ty was about 55 years of age, and was a gentleman of very considerable scientific attainments. In 1864 he was elected Secretary of State, and has resided in Springfield since that time, having principally lived at Belleville. His remains will be taken to the latter place to-morrow for burial.

A Springfield dispatch of this evening says that the excitement over the murder of Tyndall is still intense, and the city is full of rumors of the arrest of the perpetrator. One man was arrested at three o'clock this morning and lodged in jail, but proved an alibi and was discharged.

SANTA FE, April 27.—The Daily Post has the following correspondence from La Messilla, under the date of April 22:

Mr. Cosgrove, of the firm of J. T. Bennett & Co., left here this morning for the West to look after the last two coaches, as they have not arrived. It is reported, and it is doubtless true, that they have both been captured by the Indians and all on board killed.

Every account from the West says that the Indians are getting worse and worse, both on and off the road. They have been killing again near Silver City, and a party of soldiers and about fifty citizens are now out in pursuit.

Last week the Indians ran off all of Mr. Stead's and some other cattle, about a mile from town. Nothing has been heard of them since. Things are coming to a focus in this part of the country, for the Indians seem more than ever determined to annihilate the whites in Southern New Mexico and Arizona, and unless some assistance is given pretty soon, it really seems that they have good grounds for hoping that they will accomplish this end.

The Indians seem determined to intercept the mails between this place and Tucson, and thereby entirely cut off the communication between the two sections of the country.

Later—Mr. Hantz, a conductor of J. F. Bennett & Co's. S. & M. express lines, has just reached Santa Fe, and gives the following information: He left La Messilla on the afternoon of the 24th. News had then reached there that one of the coaches of the company had been found on the road between La Messilla and Tucson burned. The body of the driver was also found.

Four ranchmen at San Pedro, on the route, were also killed; also six immigrants coming from Tucson were killed. Some of the captured mail has been found with the checks cut to pieces, and was brought into Messilla by one of the conductors. The Indians a few days since killed two Mexicans and one German at Lone Mountain and wounded another American near Silver City. Only fourteen killed and one wounded, as reported by one mail.

NEW YORK, April 29.—Late reports, which have been widely circulated, though generally discrepited, that changes were soon to occur in the State and Treasury departments by the retirement of Secretaries Fish and Boutwell, are emphatically denied from Washington.

A despatch from Paris Thursday night says that on Wednesday night in a reconnoisance of the 150th battalion from the barricades at Ville Juif 40 Communists were surrounded. The Communists retreated, but four were caught and subsequently shot. One of the captured regained the Communists' lines in a dying state and was taken to Ricitre Hospital.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 28.—A despatch from Springfield, Mo, says there is a report current there that Geo. D. Orner, U. S. Revenue Collector for that district, has disappeared with some $10,000 of government funds.

Between two and three hundred Indians appeared on the Kansas Pacific Railroad yesterday, between Eagle Tail and Monotony, and somewhat obstructed the track. They are thought to be a portion of the band that recently entered Monotony under a white flag to trade with the people.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE REPAIRED.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., April 29th.—The New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Companies' cable connecting this island with New Brunswick, was repaired yesterday afternoon.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 26.—The jury in the case of Laura D. Fair, for the murder of A. P. Crittenden, remained out forty minutes and returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. The prisoner looked somewhat paler than usual when taken from the court room, but was otherwise unmoved. Until within the last week, it was not generally believed that a verdict like this was possible. Nearly every one thought that the trial would prove a perfect farce, ending in the acquital of the prisoner or the disagreement of the jury. Nine-tenths of the community regard the verdict as a just and proper vindication of the law, and a good rebuke of the doctrines which were put forth in the case by the defense.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—The Joint High Commission terminated its labors at an early hour yesterday afternoon, and after lunch at the State Department, adjourned. The members will, however, meet again on the 3rd of May to consider some minor matters preparatory to final dissolution as a Commission. The result of the Commission's labor has not been formally turned over to the State Department, but everything will be finished and ready for consideration at the Cabinet meeting on Friday, May 5th, at which time all members are expected to be present. The members of the Commission still refuse to indicate any of the points of the treaty, but it is stated that one or two Senators have been informed of certain agreements, and are already looking up facts and preparing speeches in opposition to the treaty.

Some of the English members of the Commission will go to New York in a day or two, as will also Gen. Schenck. Judge Hoar will leave to-morrow for Massachusetts.

There does not seem to be much truth in the report that the subject of the annexation of San Domingo is to be brought up at the approaching session of the Senate. The fate of the project in such an event could be easily foreshadowed. The friends of annexation are barely in the majority, it indeed, they do number a majority, while the earnest advocates of it are less than a fourth of a quorum as the Senate now stands, and in the present light, as regards the Island, the project of annexation could not get a two-thirds vote by any turn it could take. The Senators leading in the matter are aware of this and it is not possible that the subject will be alluded to in the coming session.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—Commodore Sands, of the United States Naval Observatory, writes to the Secretary of the Navy that a new planet had been discovered by Dr. Luther, at Bilk, near Dusseldorf, and was also observed here by Prof. Hall, on the 23d inst., as follows: Right ascension—11 hours, 33 minutes, 3 seconds; north declination—11 degrees, 22 minutes, 31 seconds. The new planet is of the eleventh magnitude, and is the 112th of the minor planets. It has been named by a Berlin astronomer Amalthea.

LAWRENCE, April 27.—The community was shocked this morning by the announcement of the death of J. M. Ruth, business manager of the Tribune. He retired last evening at 11 o'clock and was found dead in bed this morning. He left a note in his memorandum book, substantially as follows: to his wife, dated 10:30 P. M.: I have taken a prescription of quinine at the direction of Dr. Medlicott; I feel a strange numbness, my eye sight is growing dim; if I die, I wish that my body be examined; if we do not meet again I hope we shall meet in heaven.

To-day an examination was made by a board of physicians. They have found symptoms of poison, but have not yet concluded their examination. Dr. Medlicott was arrested to-day and lodged in jail. The coroner's inquest was adjourned until after the examination of the stomach is completed. Mrs. Ruth is in Leavenworth. The former husband of Mrs. Ruth was a lawyer of St. Louis, from whom she was divorced, and subsequently married Ruth.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

LONDON, April 28.—A Tribune special from Paris yesterday says Grousset announces that the persons and goods of foreigners shall be protected under the guarantee of their rights as neutrals and the proverbial hospitality of France, and that no furniture, horses or apartments of foreign citizens shall be subject to requisitions.

A dispatch from Versailles says that Thiers, in the course of some remarks in the Assembly, was moved to tears when he declared he was disposed to clemency except to the murderers of Gens. Thomas and Lecompte, and that he should remain President only during the military operations. He said the taking of Molyneaux was of great importance, as the musketry range from thence reached the middle of Fort d'Issey.

The Versaillists took the barricades in the Rue Pirroucite, but they were retaken.

VERSAILLES, April 27, via LONDON, April 28.—M. Thiers in a speech to the Assembly, to-day, tells the country that the situation is painful. French blood is still flowing, but it is consoling to know that the denoument is near. All are doing their duty, especially the army, to which he alludes in terms of high eulogy.

PARIS, April 27—Evening.—The Commune has forbidden all interference with traffic in merchandise and the management of railways.

The Commissariat is provisioned for a long period.

A last delay of forty-eight hours has been granted to persons between the ages of 19 and 40 to join their battalions in the National Guards.

The Free Masons have informed the Commune that, having exhausted all means of conciliation at Versailles, they have resolved to plant their banners on the ramparts of Paris, and if they should be struck will march against the Versaillists and appeal to their brother Masons to join them.

PARIS, April 27.—Southern forts were badly damaged by the Versaillist projectiles which have fell inside. On the ramparts of the city a great many people have been killed and wounded. The Mato Orden says the Communists will blow up the forts if it should become a necessity. The Commune claim to have silenced the Versailles batteries at Mendon; to have captured a barricade at Neuilly, and to have dismounted five guns at Courderais. The Communal Council now holds its sessions with closed doors, and none but members and attaches are admitted.

VERSAILLES, April 30—Evening.—President Thiers, in a public circular, gives a dispatch from General Cissey, announcing the success of a coup de main in Bonne Farm near Chatillon, in which 32 insurgents were killed and wounded and 75 taken prisoners. The same circular, contains a dispatch from General Faron, confirming the previous report of the brilliant success of the loyalists in front of Fort d'Issy. The cannonading is continued, and 150 prisoners and ten pieces of captured artillery have been brought to Versailles.

PARIS, Sunday Evening.—There was a sharp engagement on Saturday night at Les Moulineaux, in which the Versaillists were repulsed with a loss of 20 men prisoners. In the meantime a column of the enemy advanced on the Clamart Railway station and occupied houses two hundred yards from the entrenchments of Issy. The fort was a wreck, the casemates broken in, the embrasures demolished, thirty of its sixty guns dismounted, and the ammunition for the mitrailleuses exhausted. The garrison became panic stricken; the gunners mutinied and spiked half of their remaining guns, and before daylight this morning the entire garrison abandoned the fort. Gen. Negry, commander of the fort, has arrived in this city.

General Cluseret, who went to the front at the first news of the defection of the troops, returned at noon to day, having failed to stop the panic. He has sent out fresh troops, among them the avengers of Paris, to re-occupy the works and a desperate fight is now in progress in that quarter. The Nationals, on Saturday, having pursued some Chasseurs almost into St. Denis, the Prussians threatened to fire into the latter if they attempted to enter the town. The Chasseurs made a detour and escaped.

Hon. J. Gregory Smith, President of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and party, have just returned to St. Paul from an extended inspection of that road, and express themselves highly gratified with the progress the road is making.

Col. E. S. Worthington, a prominent lawyer of Louisville, died at Harrodsburg, Mercer county, Kentucky, this morning. He held an important official position in one of the three military divisions of the late Confederacy.

A dispatch from the Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners says they have changed the advertisement for Indian subsistence supplies so as to allow them to be delivered as well as inspected at Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha or Sioux City.

The Directors of the Lehigh Valley Railroad have approved the lease of the Morris Canal from Pittsburg to Jersey City, and have directed its submission to the stockholders for a vote on the question, when, with the approval of a majority of the stock, the property will at once pass to the Lehigh Valley Company.

A dispatch from St. Louis dated April 30th says that contracts for the completion of the lower and middle locks of the Mississippi River Rapids improvement were let at Keokuk on the 29th. Also that the contract for the construction of the Memphis and St. Louis Railroad was closed at Memphis on the 29th. The road is to run from Helena, Arkansas, to Morley, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, in Missouri, and the road is to be completed from Helena to the Missouri State line by July 1, 1872.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AGENTS WANTED—Brainards Interest Book, just out. Agents make from $10 to $40 per day. Interest computed on any amount at from 5 to 60 per cent. Send 35cts. for sample and circular to F. BRAINARD, Elkhorn, Wis. Box 317. may4w1*

"BIRDIE,"

TELL WINNIE I'M WAITING"—New Song and Chorus, by FRANK HOWARD.

Everybody admires it—1,000 sold the first week. Only 30 cents. Post Paid. Address,
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PAINTER'S MANUAL, a complete and practical guide, giving best methods and latest improvements in house and sign painting, graining, varnishing, polishing, staining, gilding, glazing, silvering, fresco or painting, Chinese and oriental painting, principles of glass staining, harmony and contrast of colors and rules of taste, philosophy, theories and practices of color &c., includes also Practical Paper Hanging, to which is added a book of calimo, sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price by JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., New York. may4t11

EVERY Horse Owner's Cyclopedia. A book for every farmer and horse owner. The best book on the subject ever published. Sold only by subscription. Agents Wanted. PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia. may4w6

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

80,000 CHILDREN

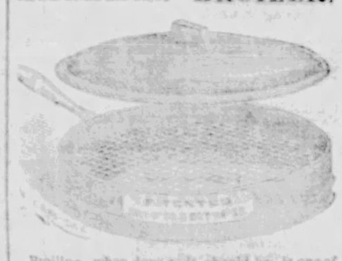
Are now singing from the New Sabbath School Book

Silver Song,

By W. A. Ogden. Greatest success of any book before the people. Thousands of letters received in its praise. Examine it and see for yourselves. Price in Board Covers, $4.80 per doz., $30.00 per hundred. Single copies, 50c., post paid. Contains 176 pages.

W. W. WHITNEY, Publisher,
111 Summit St., Toledo, O.
For sale by Book dealers generally. may4w1t.

AMERICAN BROILER.



Broiling, when done as it should be, is one of the most nutritious, if not the most nutritious, of all forms of cooking meats. Yet it is surprising how few people are aware that by the ordinary process a large proportion of the nutriment, (and with it the flavor and tenderness,) is lost by the dissipation and slow action of the heat, and consequent evaporation of the juices. Hence, an essential condition of retaining the nutriment is a sudden and intense concentration of heat, so as to instantly sear or crisp the surface of the meat, close the pores, and thus prevent the escape of the juices; and, as a chemical result of this, tough meats are also made tender. But to accomplish these purposes, the broiler must necessarily set on top of the stove or range, over one of the openings, and must be tightly enclosed except at the bottom, so as, while admitting all the heat from below, to allow none to escape above—thus retaining and concentrating it, and at the same time preventing the smoke coming in contact with the meat, which would, of course, be the natural result of a passage of air through the broiler. By thus complying with the natural laws involved, it is within bounds to say that meats will go 33 to 50 per cent. further—that is, they will contain that much greater proportion of nutriment, not to speak of their equally greater palatableness, and the ordinary time of broiling is reduced fully one-half.

These objects are completely and perfectly attained in the American Broiler, and does it in the shape of an utensil so light, simple, cheap and convenient, as to bring it within the reach not only of every one's means, but within the easy management of every cook or ordinary common sense and carefulness. It is the first and only broiler ever invented or patented which meets, in every respect, the universal want. It has now been used about two years and large numbers sold in various parts of the country, with the most unqualified endorsement of those using it. It leaves no shadow of excuse for the further continuance of the old, tedious, troublesome, juice-evaporating, not to say expensive, process, or of that chief of culinary abominations, the *frying-pan*, with its product of meat soaked in burnt grease—the very essence of dyspepsia and its train of life-shortening disorders.

The combination of advantages embodied in this plain and unpretending little utensil can only be appreciated after using it. Among others we may mention that it requires no coke or charcoal, no preparation of fire, (being to work just as well over ordinary coal or wood, and over a blazing fire or bed of coals,) and is equally adapted to all stove and range openings.

The covering flange, swedged into the circular rim, is the most admirable feature of this broiler, and possesses several striking uses, viz: 1st. It admits of an extension of the body of the broiler, and of larger space for the meat than the diameter of a stove hole would otherwise do. 2d. While it does this, it allows no grease to fall upon the stove, but runs the melted fat into the fire, whence its smoke and smell is carried up the flue. 3d. It furnishes a support for the iron wire grate upon which the meat rests, and which presents none of the obstructions to the heat that bars do. 4th. It adds to the intensity of the heat which a mere enclosure would accumulate, by the reflection of the same from the upper surface, to the extent of 25 to 33 per cent. as has been demonstrated by experiment; thus securing the highest possible temperature and rapidity of action so essential to perfect broiling. 5th. It reduces the time of broiling to one-half.

Of course there is no gravy catching arrangement; for the simple reason that it keeps the gravy in the meat—just where it should be. Any process allowing the juices, which make the gravy, to escape, is utterly wrong in principle, and involves a corresponding waste of substance as well as injury to health; for not only is a large portion of the juices necessarily lost by evaporation, but what is saved is no more or less than, and therefore indigestible.

Many persons would expect, in a machine combining so many qualities, something complex and cumbersome, and might be disappointed at first sight; but the simplest machines often embody a greater variety of principles than the most complex; and this has the merit of all valuable and permanent inventions—the utmost simplicity and cheapness consistent with the objects to be attained. It is as simple as a pot or skillet, as easily cleaned, and much lighter. It consists of only three parts—the body and covering flange in one piece, the loose wire grate, and the cover. Its merits entitle it to become a standard kitchen utensil throughout the country. Operating upon recognized and infallible natural principles, (which the common process is in gross violation of,) its results are equally and necessarily infallible, unless defeated by ignorance, carelessness, or prejudice against innovations. These principles, of course, apply equally to the various kinds of meat; hence it is equally good for steak, chicken, ham, chops, game, fish and

Our Young Folks.

GOING TO GRANDMA'S.

A little maid with soft brown hair
And hazel eyes I often see
Tripping along, a picture fair,
Singing the while a merry glee,
Going to Grandma's.

No cloud o'ershades that open brow,
No cares disturb that soul's sweet trust,
As on she speeds, now quick, now slow,
Like a sweet bird to sheltered nest,
Going to Grandma's.

Full well she knows the greeting fond
That waits the darling's coming there;
The cookies, cooked with skill not found
In modern days of dainties rare,
For her at Grandma's.

She loves each tree on the dear old place
The chickens, cow, and old black cat,
But most she loves with care to trace
Where her own mother played or sat,
Living at Grandma's.

Ah, happy child! as years pass on,
Thy mother's home will fade from sight;
Grandparents, parents, all be gone,
With all that's Grandma's.

But in that fairer home above,
Where palm and parting never are done;
With Grandpa's parents, all you love,
May you be gathered near Christ's throne,
Ever with Grandma.

WAITING FOR PAPA.

I.

We have put away the playthings,
Cleaned the trinkets from the floor,
Mamie's doll is in its cradle,
My old horse behind the door;
With our tidy hands and faces
All impatiently we wait
For the sound of papa's coming,
And his footstep at the gate.

Little ones, when all the lustre
Of your locks shall change to snow,
When the light shall all be faded
From the eyes that sparkle so,
May you lay your every idol,
All earth's playthings gladly by,
And as fondly greet our Father
When he cometh in the sky.
—*C. C. Darwin, in Christian Weekly.*

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

Dunces.

Fisher Ames entered Harvard at the age of twelve, and Edward Everett at thirteen; Bishop Heber translated *Phædrus* into English at seven; Anna Seward repeated from memory the first three books of "Paradise lost" at nine; and Lord Brougham wrote on philosophy at eighteen.

But all eminent men have not been remarkable for early attainments. Some of the grandest spirits that the world has ever known—men whose works and memory are enduring—were regarded in youth as dunces. They flowered late, but bore the rarest fruit.

It is somewhat discouraging for a boy of moderate abilities, who aims to do his best, to be told that others accomplished in childhood what he can do only by hard study in the best years of his youth. But such a boy should not relax his efforts. He will succeed if he gives his heart and mind to the work.

That distinguished teacher, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, after speaking of those who zealously cultivate inferior powers of mind, said of such a pupil, "I would stand to that man hat in hand." He once spoke sharply to a dull boy, who replied—

"Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed I am doing the best I can."

Dr. Arnold said he never so felt a rebuke in his life.

Sir Isaac Newton was a pronounced dunce in his early school days. He stood low in his classes and seemed to have no relish for study. One day the "bright boy" of the school gave him a kick in the stomach, which caused him severe pain.

The insult stung young Newton to the quick, and he resolved to make himself felt and respected by improved scholarship.

He applied himself resolutely to study, and ere long stood in his classes above the boy who had kicked him, and ultimately became the first scholar in the school.

Newton owned his pre-eminence in his philosophical studies more to perseverance and application than to any marvellous natural endowments.

Oliver Goldsmith, than whom no boy could appear more stupid, was the butt of ridicule at school. A school dame, after wonderful patience and perseverance, taught him the alphabet, a thing which she deemed creditable to her skill, and which she lived to mention with pride when her pupil became famous. He made no progress in the exact studies, but liked history and Latin poetry.

He was a sore trial to his ambitious mother, who made many fruitless efforts to quicken his wits by her sharp words. His relatives, teachers and schoolmates all told him that he was a fool, which verdict he did not dispute, but took good-humoredly. Even when he had produced the "Traveler," an eminent critic said to a friend, "Sir, I do believe that Goldsmith wrote that poem, and that, let me tell you, is believing a great deal."

Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy, and, when attending the University at Edinburgh, he went by the name of "The Great Blockhead." But he wasted no time on trifles, and, in pursuing a study that he loved, as, for example, history or the classics, he was persevering and methodical. He was one of those whose knowledge on a subject that interested increased until it lay like a great volume in his mind. When Walter Scott began to make use of that knowledge, society gave him another name, somewhat different from the Edinburgh appellation. It was "The Great Magician."

Hutton, the antiquarian, whose knowledge of books was deemed remarkable, was slow to learn when a boy. He was sent to school to a certain Mr. Meat. He thus tells his experience: "My master took occasion to beat my head against the wall, holding it by the hair, but he could never beat any learning into it."

Sheridan found it hard to acquire the elements of learning. His mother deemed it her duty to inform his teacher that he was not bright to learn like other boys. Adam Clarke was pronounced by his father to be "a grevious dunce," and Dr. Chalmers was pronounced by his teacher as an "incorrigible" one. Chatterton was dismissed from school by his master, who, finding himself unable to teach him anything in a satisfactory manner, settled it that the boy was "a fool."

Teachers are apt to become impatient over dull scholars, and predict of them that they will never come to any thing. Such uncalled for prophesies ought to discourage no scholar who tries to do well. A certain Edinburgh professor once pronounced upon a student this severe opinion: "Dunce you are, and dunce you will ever remain." That student was Sir Walter Scott.

If a dull boy feels an inspiration stirring within to do something worthy in literature, or science, or art, let him set his face as a flint towards his object. Let him be patient, hopeful and self reliant, unmoved by laughter, undiscouraged by evil prophesies.

"The slow,
Still process of the sun, distilling down
The great sweat of the sea, is never seen
In the consummate spectacle flashed forth,
A snow-hued arch upon the clouds of heaven;
So never sees the world those energies,
Strong effort and long patience, which have stored
Its low obscurity, and slowly heaved
Its darkness up, till sudden glory springs
Forth from it, arching like a perfect rainbow."
—*The Youth's Companion.*

The New Brother.

One night Charlie went to sleep, as usual, in his little crib, which always stood close by his mother's bed. The next morning, when he awoke, he found himself, crib and all, alone in Aunt Jennie's room.

Charlie didn't know what to make of such a proceeding. He sat up and stared around a few minutes, and then he began to scream. Aunt Jennie came running up stairs to see what was the matter.

"I want my mamma," said Charlie; "I want my mamma to dress me."

"Listen to me, little boy," said Aunt Jennie. "Dear mamma is sick, so Charlies is going to be very good and let me dress him."

Charlie looked as if he wasn't quite so sure of that, but Aunt Jennie brought his clothes and began to tell such a funny story that he had them all on before he had time to think much about it. The story lasted until he was all ready to go down stairs, when it came to a sudden conclusion, and Aunt Jennie let him ride down to breakfast on her arm.

When he had nearly finished his breakfast, his Aunt Jennie said, "Now you are going to be my little boy till mamma gets better, and I want you to be real good, so she can get well fast."

"Are I going to sleep in your room?" asked Charlie, looking rather sober.

"Yes," said Aunt Jennie. "You didn't know what a nice ride you took in your crib last night, did you?"

"How was it?" asked Charlie.

"Oh," said Aunt Jennie, "your papa lifted one end of the crib and I lifted the other, and away you went."

Charlie laughed. "And now," said Aunt Jennie, "if you will be very quiet and good, I will take you up to see mamma a few minutes. She has something wonderful to show you. You never would guess what it is, so you needn't try, but I know you'll like it."

So she carried him to his mother's room and lifted him up to give her a good, sweet kiss. Then his mamma told him to peep into the bed. Charlie looked and there, close by her side, lay a dear little baby, asleep.

He was so astonished he couldn't say a word. He looked at the baby and then at his mother, with such wide, black eyes that his Aunt Jennie laughed. "That's your little brother," said she. "How do you like him?"

"Is it, mamma?" asked Charlie, eagerly.

"Yes, dear," said his mother, "he is your own dear little brother. Are you glad?"

Charlie nodded his head decidedly. He reached out one fat forefinger and touched the baby's cheek.

"He's pretty soft," said he.

Aunt Jennie showed him its little hands and its tiny pink toes, and Charlie examined them with great delight. But in a little while Aunt Jennie carried him down stairs again, promising that if he was a good boy he should stay longer to-morrow.

Charlie talked about his little brother nearly all day. His father asked him what he would like to have the baby named. Charlie thought a long time and then said he "thought Samson was a good one." His auntie had been reading to him in the Bible about Samson. His father laughed, and said he thought mamma could find a prettier name than that.

In a few days Charlie was allowed to see his little brother very often. He liked to stand by nurse's knee and look at the baby as she held him. But Charlie didn't like to have the baby's neck so weak.

"Hang up your head! hang up your head!" he would say.

One day he told the baby "a story."—He said, "When I get big 'nough to sharpen bean-poles to plant, you'll be big 'nough to pick up the chips; and when I get big 'nough to take papa's gun and shoot crows and foxes, you can run and pick 'em up."

Baby winked and scrowled up his little pink forehead, as if he understood all about it.

Now, Charlie had a bad habit of crying when anything displeased him but when the baby cried, Charlie didn't like him. "Go back to heaven," he would say; "you don't look pretty."

"Should you like to be sent away every time you cry?" asked his mother.

Charlie looked sober. He had never thought how disagreeable he was himself when he was naughty.

"You must be very good, and help me teach your little brother," said mamma.

"Yes," said Charlie; because he's little and I'm ever so big! I'll try." And he is trying.—*Youth's Companion.*

Robbie Hunting for Hens' Nests.

BY AUNT PHEBE.

After tea, Rillah went with the children to the barn-yard, where Johnnie was helping to milk the sober old cows. Robbie was delighted with everything, and ran about, causing quite a stampede among the stud inhabitants of the barn-yard. But Josie was quite afraid, and could not be persuaded to approach them. "Oh, oh!" she would cry, if a cow but turned to look at her. Then up would come Robbie, and "shoo" the old cow away.

They looked at the calves, and even Josie was persuaded into stroking their sides. Then the sheep were visited. There was the "horned patriarch," (you will know him if you read Whittier's "Snow Bound,") who shook his head and stamped his foot at Cony, Johnnie's dog. And there was Rillah's pet sheep, and "Beauty," and "Snowflake," and old "Mary Ann," and "Black Diamond," the proverbial black sheep. They munched their cuds so daintily, and glanced at the children with such bright, intelligent looks, and spoke out so comically in their *falsetto* voices—with an occasional and rather startling "Baa-a" from a gruff-voiced *bovine*—that Robbie and Josie were quite delighted, and the sheep remained their favorites throughout their visit. Another time, perhaps, I will tell you of Robbie's *neglected* opportunity to make friends with old "Frisky," the "horned patriarch."

The poultry yard was visited; geese, turkeys, hens and chickens examined and commented on, the eggs gathered up, and then the children returned to the house.

Next morning, Robbie, who was decidedly a wide-awake boy, was up as soon as any one, and out to the barn with Johnnie. Rillah was just setting the table, when with a great "rattlety-bang," and one or two whoops, Robbie came in at the kitchen door, bare-headed, and his hat carried carefully in his hand.

"Oh, Rillah!" he shouted, "just guess what I've found! A whole nestfull of eggs. Such big ones! The old hen was awful ugly—scratched and bit, and fit," (Robbie didn't study grammar.) "But I wasn't a bit afraid of her. I got a long stick and I just punched her. She flew off pretty mad, I guess."

"Oh, Robbie, you naughty, naughty boy. Those are old Speck's eggs—my hen's. She's been setting on them two weeks."

"What does she do that for?" asked Robbie.

"To make chickens, of course," returned Rillah, rather crossly; and, taking the eggs, she started for the barn, Robbie following.

"I say, Rillah, I wouldn't have touched them, if I'd known that," said Robbie.

"Well, I 'spose you ain't to blame, as long as you didn't know any better," returned Rillah, feeling still rather cross.

"I ain't quite as green as Will Jones was," said Robbie, as he watched Rillah put the eggs carefully back. "He thought maple sugar grew on the trees. But I just told him that they boiled up the bark and leaves and things, and got the juice out."

This was said very soberly, but Rillah laughed, while Robbie, much discomfited, listened to her description of sugar making.

"Any way, I don't believe you know what a tunnel is," said Robbie, desirous of knowing more than Rallah about *something*.

"Yes, we've got two."

It was Robbie who laughed now.

"I mean the tunnels we have in Chicago. There's one out into the lake where we get our water to drink. Then you can cross the river by going through a tunnel. You will see them when you come down to visit us."

And then they were called to breakfast. —*Rural New Yorker.*

Hunting Berries.

A Thrilling Incident.

Willie Ray was the only son of a poor, but highly respected widow, who lived in an humble cot on the outskirts of one of those extensive pine forests so common in eastern Virginia. Willie was an industrious and dutiful boy, beloved by all his companions, and much esteemed for his frank and upright conduct. Often during the summer months, when no better employment offered, Willie would busy himself in picking the fine, large, blue huckleberries, which grew so abundantly a mile or two from his mother's residence. The berry ground was an extensive plateau of alternate moor and forest, called in eastern Virginia a pocoson. These pocosons, besides a heavy growth of oak and pine, are usually covered with a dense mass of green briars and tangled undergrowth, with here and there moors, or ponds, which are clear of bushes, except around the borders where the huckleberry appears to enjoy its favorite habitant. These ponds are generally dry in summer, hence there is no difficulty in walking over them. These pocosons, take them all in all, are wild, weird localities, refused by the agriculturist, and fit haunts for deer, wildcats and snakes.

On a summer afternoon in the latter part of June, Willie had gone as usual o the pocoson to pick his allotted quota of berries which he designed taking the next day to the village market. He had been more than usually successful, and after all his baskets were filled, he had turned awhile to satisfy his own berry-loving propensity. In the meantime he had not observed, or the umbrageous forest had hid from view, the gathering storm in the west; but now the distant mutterings of the thunder warned him that no time was to be lost in making his way back to his home. Having wandered, in his search for berries, much farther into the forest than he had intended he soon found that the storm would be upon him before he could reach home. The first drops of rain were already falling, and finding a large hollow log, Willie concluded to crawl into the open end of it, far enough to shelter him from the rain. He thought that the rain would soon be over, and he would then make his way out of the forest. Willie's impromptu house served the purpose of sheltering him from the rain admirably, but it came near proving his grave also. An opening in the log in front of him disclosed to Willie that he had a companion as dangerous and deadly as the hideous Cobra. A huge rattlesnake displayed its slimy coils to the horror-struck boy! The rage of the elements without, the thunder's crashing peals, and lightning's flash, were enough to have appalled older hearts; but now to be cooped up with a deadly rattlesnake darting its forked tongue within less than a yard of his face!—no wonder the poor boy was palsied, and rendered incapable of extricating himself from his perilous situation. Willie felt its subtle gaze fixed upon him—felt that he was charmed, with no power to break the fascination! Every moment the serpent's influence was growing stronger, he was more and more completely mastering his victim, his coils were enlarging, and his fiery, venemous tongue was drawing nearer and nearer to the helpless boy! Another moment and he is near enough to strike, and the hideous reptile is about to fix deep his poison fangs in the very cheeks of the widow's only earthly stay and com'ort! But—thanks be to that God who never forsakes His children in their hour of greatest peril—just at that moment a large limb, severed by the wind from its parent tree, fell immediately across the log. It frightened and broke the serpent's charm, which, uncoiling itself, passed quietly down over Willie's back out of the log. The poor boy, more dead than alive, at the shock his system had sustained, after a fervent prayer of thankfulness for his remarkable deliverance, hastened to leave his shelter, and lost no time in making the best of his way out of the gloomy old woods, to his home and the arms of his mother. The widow had been much distressed at her son's exposure to the storm, but oh! who can describe her feelings when she learned of the dreadful danger from which he had escaped. The shock to her was scarcely less severe than it had been to Willie. That night, the lowly couple, poor in the world's goods, but rich in faith, around their little family altar, poured out their whole hearts in gratitude to Him who holdeth and ordereth the lives of all His subjects. That night the widow's cot was a sanctuary of prayer and praise, an El Bethel, from whence the incense of two grateful hearts ascended from earth to heaven. That night was Willie consecrated to the ministry of the gospel of Jesus; and now he is a man in the meridian of life, engaged in proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation, and warning others of that old Serpent whose bite is far more to be dreaded than is that of the terrible rattlesnake or fatal cobra. —*B. W. Jones in Maryland Farmer.*

A Concord, N. H., baby celebrated her first birthday anniversary Monday afternoon by a party at which the *Monitor* says there were assembled some thirty ladies and gentlemen, aged from eleven weeks to three years, embracing the *elite* of our city." At five o'clock, refreshments were served at two long tables, around which twenty-four "high chairs" had been placed, and the usual viands were most lavishly served. Prominent on the bill of fare were gingerbread elephants and roosters, biscuits one inch in diameter, and choice cake of similar dimensions.

A Literal Interpretation.

Rare and racy John Phœnix once was walking along one of the principal streets of San Francisco, when a wagon drove past bearing the inscription "Eagle Bakery." Phœnix immediately hailed the driver, and going up to him when he had pulled in his horses, asked for a baked eagle. The astonished driver glared at the sober visaged party having such a preposterous want, and informed him, in a most decided manner, that he knew nothing about eagles, but was a vender of bread. "Now, see here, my good fellow," said Phœnix, pointing to the inscription on the side of the wagon and putting sternness in his voice, "you give out, by your sign, that you are a dealer in baked eagles, and yet when a purchaser appears you coolly inform him that you know nothing at all about eagles. I'll have you indicted for a swindler, with your 'eagle bakery'—good morning." And Phœnix, with a face full of indignation, moved on, leaving the poor baker in a high state of alarm, and the firm conviction that his light loaves were naught but unlawful, hypocritical dough.

Wit and Humor.

A CURE FOR PREJUDICE.

Wan Miss McGill lived on the hill,
Jist down beyant the road,
And sure she had as cross a dad,
As iver nature growd.
And aiven to the same degree
As I adored his Kate,
Did that auld man dale out to me
A liberal dose av hate!
Och, now he'd frown, and scowl me down,
Whine'er I'd pass the doore,
And that he'd kill mesilf wid a will,
I was intoirely sure.

One aivening late, I said to Kate,
As I was going home!
How can the hatred av yer dad
For me be overcome?"
'Och, Pat," says she, "it's aisy as
The aitin' av a goose,"
Jist ax him out, and have a bout,
And bate him loike the jeuce
For sure he loves a braising boy
All other things before,
And if you bate him handsomely,
He'll love you fiermore."

Says I, "That's noice, and swate advice,
To hear from you me dear!"
"Now be aisy, Pat, jist go do that,"
Says she, "And naught's to fear;"
"Bound!" says I, "I made no spur,
For it's an Irish laddie's joy,
To crack the skull and pull the wool
Av an aiqual Irish boy,
So I'll raise me shtick, and drop it quick,
On yer father moighty hard,
And he'll shuppose, for aught he knows,
It's a touch av me regard.

At early dawn whin day was born,
I jaunted down the hill,
And be the pad, I met, b-dad,
That scowlin' auld McGill:
I axed him did he feel inclined
His skull at arrums to tary,
And thin he kindly introjuced
His fi-ht into me eye,
And so begun the jolly fun
That aised the toime until,
Be a lucky shtroke, I gave a poke
That schollop'd auld McGill.

Whin thus it chanced, he lay inthranced
For about an hour or so,
Then up he rose, widout his nose,
And look'd at me, ye know!
"Be me sowl!" says he, "I'm clane surproised,
Yer a mosht accomplished lad,
And I'd be mosht proud in ivery crowd
To hear you call me dad."
So arrum in arrum we crossed the farrum,
Unto the gardin gate,
And there in shtoile, wid many a smoile,
He blessed mesilf and Kate.

So that's the way I cleared away
The hate av auld McGill,
And ef any boy whose future joy
Is shrouded be ill will
From his proshpective father-in-law,
Wud ax the gint outside,
And frisco his paternal phiz
And nately tan his holde;
Sure all his hate would soon abate,
And he'd love him wid a will,
And he'd admoire his partner's soire,
As I do auld McGill. —*Grouchie.*

French Rats in Council.

Any one who had entered the great sewer under the Rue St. Dennis, Paris, at midnight on the 20th of January last, might have witnessed the following scene, and heard the following harangue if he could have understood the language of a French rat.

The rats held a grand mass meeting to consider their grievances and abuses. There were common blue rats, white rats, black rats, wharf rats, Panama rats, long-tailed, short-tailed, and spike-tailed, not to mention the musk-rats which were present, though they would not associate with the common rats; for had not the humans called them "River Minks?" They (the latter) represented the aristocracy among the Parisian rats; but they had found, as "minks," their lives were no more secure—for was not a price set on their heads, or rather hides?

An old "mordacious" rat, which, from his age and experience, commanded respect, was called to the stand and orated something as follows:

"My fellow sufferers! I am full of years and rat-iocination. I see around me my friends, my neighbors, and my great-great-great-great-grandchildren. 'Ye know too well the story of our thraldom.' I learned that when I lived four years under a Union school house. The human monster, man, has charged us with unnumbered crimes—of stealing cheese—of undermining fire places, chimneys, and even houses—of perforating cupboard doors—of running tunnels through meal tubs—of soaking our whiskers in the cream pot, and dipping our tails into batter pails. When pans of milk have been carelessly left in our way, and we have fallen therein, we have been charged with committing suicide. We are charged with stealing harmless chickens, at the dead hour of night, from under their mothers' very wings—of sucking eggs—yes, even of sucking eggs!"

Much of the speech was omitted for want of space. The speaker went on to say:

"I here indict man of the following crimes: He has *vi et armies*, and with *malice prepense*, with sticks, clubs, butcher knives, stones, canes—that is to say further, with pistols, guns, cannon, b'underbusses, shot guns, revolvers, rifles, muskets, squibs, bowie knives, traps, dead falls, rats'-bane, cats, and other dangerous weapons, at sundry times and places, taken the lives of rats without regard to age or sex, covering his blood-stained hands in many instances with the skins of the poor victims. I call your attention to the kids of Alexandre the Great!

"Few of you know what I have suffered at man's hands. Once I was caught in that Satanic contrivance called a trap. Oh, the agony and horror when the cold steel teeth locked their sawy jaws on my—my tail! How I tugged, and squeaked, and cried, and mbanced, all that livelong night! When the morning dawned, I heard the footsteps of the hated monster, man, approaching. One great effort, and I was free. I saved my life, but—shall I tell it?—I lost my tail!"

Here the venerable speaker showed his withered stump, close cropped. This caused much sensation in the audience.

He continued:—"At another time I was careless enough to fall into the claws of a fierce cat. Oh, but it was awful! Here my ready wit alone saved me. I *played possum*, I lay seemingly dead, limp as a rag. The green-eyed monster got careless, and I escaped!"

Here he exhibited his scars,—one ear gone, and three toes from his left hind foot, besides sundry furless scars over his body. Whereat the younger rats started aghast, and marveled greatly at his bravery, and hair-breadth escapes. "Awful *eat* as-trophy!" cried one. "A *category* of human crimes!" groaned another.

"And lastly, but not leastly," continued the speaker, "the human monsters are actually eating us!—forced to it, they say, by the invading foe! We have ever been the friend of man. 'Rats leave a doomed ship,' and humans who have been wise enough to follow our example, have thus been saved. It is well known that, but for us, Paris would have been forced to surrender ere this!"

Here the meeting dissolved in a row, for the musk-rats began to crowd towards the stand. The common rats, observing the movement, cried with true French style:

"Down with the aristoc-*rats!*" "Aristoc *rats* to the lamp post!" "*A la lanterne!*" etc., etc.

At this juncture a squad of foragers from the Garde Mobile came suddenly upon them, and every rat found it expedient to "hunt his hole."

Soon after this, the rats, becoming tired of serving as food for the French, deserted in a body to the Prussians. Paris surrendered, and peace was *eat*-ified, thus saving many lives.

"The Wheelbarrow Business."

"It is related of Girard that when a young tradesman having bought of him and paid for a bag of coffee, proceeded to wheel it home himself, the shrewd old merchant immediately offered to trust his customer for as many bags as he might desire. The trait of character revealed by the young man in being his own porter, had given the millionaire confidence in him at once. His reputation was made with Girard. He became a favored dealer with the enterprising merchant, throve rapidly, and in the end made a fortune." —*Exchange.*

That sort of thing might have worked well enough with old Girard, but it don't fool anybody now. I have tried it. I bought half a pound of tea at Penderry's the other day, after reading the above paragraph, and wheeled it home in the most ostentatious manner, just to see if Penderry, who was looking on, wouldn't offer to trust me for all the tea that I wanted, but he didn't. On the contrary, I heard him speak up sharp to a clerk as I went around the corner, asking him if that tea was paid for?

I afterward took a wheelbarrow and went to a flour store on Central avenue. Bought a small bag of flour, twenty-five pounds, I think, and loaded it on, the head of the concern looking at me with apparent interest.

"Now," I thought, "is my opportunity. This is a Girard feller. He will tell me to come and get all the flour I can wheel away, and pay when I get ready. Perhaps he will offer me a partnership in his store."

Then I spat on my hands and whipped them over my shoulders to encourage a vigorous circulation, rubbed them together smartly, and clutching the handles of the barrow, started off at a brisk trot. I had proceeded about a square when I heard some one shouting after me. Looked around and saw the flour man coming on a dead run.

"Ha, ha!" thought I, "the thing works admirably. The example of Steve Girard is not lost. I have revealed a trait of character in being my own porter, to say nothing of my beer, and my fortune is made! The flour and feed man recognizes my merits, and comes to offer me a partnership!"

As he approached, I saw he had some money in his hand. "He is at least," I said, "going to return me my money." There was a severe look on his face as he came up to me which did not accord at all with what I had pictured Girard's countenance to have worn when he gave the carte blanche for coffee.

While reflecting that it might be "his way," he said: "Sir, I want you to go right back to my store."

"It is coming now," thought I, though I did not quite like his tone. "Wheelbarrows are about to receive their reward. He is going to offer me a partnership; perhaps to turn over his entire business to me." I was consequently elated.

Then I said to the flour and feed man (just as though I didn't know, you know, the clever things he meant to do for me,) "May I inquire for what purpose, sir?"

"Certainly, you may," he replied, frowning worse than ever. "You shoved this counterfeit bill to my clerk, and you must come back till I get a policeman. Oh! you needn't try to look so innocent! I spicioned you when I saw you coming round to my store to get such a little jag 'o flour as that. Watched ye to see that ye didn't steal nothin'. You see you can't fool an old hand."

Here was a turn in affairs that would astonish old Girard himself. I tried to explain. Assured him that I supposed the note to be genuine. He was incredulous for a time, and was disposed to have me locked up and the wheelbarrow detained as a witness, but finally let me off on my redeeming the note.

The wheelbarrow business is all a humbug. A man can't make a character in any such way. And the chances are that he will lose what little he starts out with.—*The Fat Contributor.*

Curious Lapses of Memory—Defects in Mental Organism.

How many persons do we know who can never remember names, but stop in the middle of a story to search the ceiling for the names of the *dramatis personæ*, as though they were to be found written there in letters of fire! This failing, the whole family is called into requisition to discover the lost title, and "Mr. Smith" is suggested. "Oh no, my dear—how can you be so stupid? You know that Mr. Smith has gone to Europe." "Mr. Brown" is then proposed. "Brown! Of course not; he never goes to Saratoga." The youngest daughter timidly suggests "Mr. Jones." How dull you all are! Have I not told you it was the gentleman we met at West Point last year—the one with gray whiskers and two children?" "Oh, I know—Mr. Robinson!" cries the wife, with a vague remembrance of a stout gentleman and two mischievous boys. "Nonsense, Matilda! Mr. Robinson is a bachelor and has red hair; but there is no use trying to tell a story to people who don't know anything;" and the angry Paterfamilias retires behind his newspaper, strangling the unfortunate story at its birth with grim ferocity. Now, when Materfamilias is blessed with one of these stubborn tongues, she triumphantly conquers the difficulty which vanquishes her husband, and gracefully tells you how Mrs. What's-her-name met Somebody-or-other on the street this morning, and told them that Miss Jones had eloped with Mr. What-do-ye-call-him. In either case the audience is highly delighted with the anecdote.

A curious defect in our mental organism is a certain slow apprehension of what is before us, a partial paralysis of our perceptive faculties, which fortunately, only occurs at intervals, although it gives us while it lasts an appreciative taste of what idiocy must be. A gentleman of high intelligence was reading an account of the Prussian campaign of 1866 and chanced upon this sentence: "The Prussians were misled by a pretended guide, and suffered severe losses in consequence." After reading this phrase through several times, he laid down the paper and pondered a while; nothing coming of this meditation, he called out to his wife in the next room, "Mary, did you ever hear such a word as misled?" pronouncing it as though it rhymed with "dizzled." "No," she replied, "why do you ask?" "Because here is an account in the paper which says, 'The Prussians were misled by a pretended guide, and suffered severe losses in consequence,' and I cannot imagine what it means." "Nor I; how is it spelt?"—"Why, *m i s l e d*, of course." "*Mis-led*, John—*mis* LED; where are your senses?"

I was playing whist one evening with some visitors, when the door opened and my aunt made her appearance, holding aloft a newspaper. "Young people, *can* you tell me what a bog-ler is?" she demanded in an earnest voice. "You mean burgler, don't you, aunt?" "No," she replied with emphasis. "I have read the same notice in this paper every evening for two weeks, and I cannot imagine what it means. Listen: 'Wanted immediately—Two good Buglers. Apply at Camp Lincoln.'" "Buglers, aunt—bu-glers," shouted the young people; and Aunt Jane retired into the shades of her apartment with dignity somewhat diminished.—*From Spots, by Constance F. Woolson, in the May number of Lippincott's Magazine.*

Turning the Tables.

"Halt! Your money or your life! Throw up your hands!" exclaimed a stranger, stepping out from a shadow, while accompanying the words might have been heard the sharp click of a pistol. The person addressed was a weary newspaper man wending his lonely way homeward, in the outskirts of the city, about 3 o'clock in the morning.

"Oh, yes, certainly. I'm in no hurry. Only walking for exercise. Just as soon hold up my hands as not. I'm not armed. Please turn that pistol a little to one side. It makes me nervous."

"Hand over your cash."

"Haven't nary a red with me. You see they took all that away from me when they entered my name upon the books."

"Where did they take your money away from you?"

"Oh, yes; why at the pest-house. You see I'm a small-pox patient, just out for exercise. They won't let me walk about in the daytime with my face in this condition, so I have to go it after dark, and late at night, when the streets are empty. By the way, stranger, the wind is rather in your direction, and, unless you ain't particular about it, it might be just as well to stand on the other side. I've got my silver watch, though. If you like it, come and take it. You're at perfect liberty to search me, if you like, only don't point that pistol this way; it's uncomfortable. D'ye want the watch?"

"No thank you," said the robber, backing away and around toward the other side; "I couldn't take anything from a man so unfortunate as you are. Here—there's half a dollar for you, poor fellow. Go and get something to drink, and he threw the coin toward him, still backing off. "As you're only walking for exercise, it won't incommode you—"

"Oh, not a particle. I'd just as soon walk with you, if you desire it. Either way, though, it's all the same to me. Thank you for your half. Won't you join me and drink to my recovery?"

"Well, you go round the block the other way; as I havn't hurt you, say nothing about having met me. I guess I'll go this way;" and then watching till the supposed small-pox patient had turned the corner, he started off on a full run in the opposite direction.

Mr. Newspaper Man proceeded on homeward undisturbed, and slept the sleep of one who enjoys the consciousness of having done a good thing, and four bits better off for having met a highwayman.

Artemus Ward's Last.

The following is said to have been the last thing written by Artemus Ward:—"Until quite recent I've been a healthy individooal. I'm nearly sixty, and yet I've got a muscle into my arms which don't make my fists resemble the trade of a canary bird when they fly out and hit a man. Only a few weeks ago I was exhibitin' in East Showboygan, in a buildin' which had been formerly ockepied by a pugvlist—one of the fellers what hits from the shoulder, and teaches the manly art of self-defence. And he cum and sed he was goin' in free in consequence of previ'sly ockepying sed buildin' with a large yeller dog. He sed 'Oh, yes; I sed 'Oh, no.' He sed, 'Do you want to be ground to powder?' I sed, 'Yes, I do, if there is a powder grindist handy,' when he struck me a disgustin' blow in my left eye, which caused that concern to close at once for repairs; but he didn't hurt me any more. I went for him energetically. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state that fifteen minutes after I had gone for him, his mother seein' the prostrate form of her son approachin' the house onto a shutter, carried by four men, run out doors, keerfully looked him over and sed, 'My son, you have been foolin' round a thrashin' masheen. You went in at the end where they put the grain in, and came out with the straw, and then got up in the thingumaggig and let the horses trod on you, didn't you, my son?' You can imagine by this what a disagreeable person I am when I'm angry."

Swearing in a gang of recruits in the army, as narrated by Sunset Cox: "You do solemnly swear (look here, take that cigar out of yer mouth) that you'll bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America; that you'll serve them honestly and faithfully (stop that talking in the ranks) against all enemies and opposers whomsoever; that you'll observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States (take off your hat and keep your hand up) and the orders of the officers appointed over you; so help you God. Now git!"

A German got his dander up the other day, upon the arrival of his second pair of twins, and said to his family physician: "Oy you blese, doctor, it ish better dat a schtop be boot to dese dings. Von pair of dwins, I dinks, is alles recht, but more ash dat ish blaid owit, don't it? Dat's vot's de matter mit me, You know how it ish myself."

The sixtieth anniversary of the marriage of Count Wrangle was recently celebrated in Germany. It is said that during that long period there has been no matrimonial quarrelling, although there have been several little wrangles.

A traveller asked an emaciated Georgian if the climate of the rice swamps was unhealthy. "Wa'al, no," replied the loyal native, "tain't unhealthy; we have the fever and ague all the time in these parts, but then we enjoy a powerful under-tow of health."

The name of John Smith does not appear once in the directory of the city of Wilmington, N. C., containing fifteen thousand or more inhabitants. Any information as to the whereabouts of John will be thankfully received by the Mayor of Wilmington.

"Fellow trabellers," said a "enllud" preacher, "ef I had been eating dried apples for a week, an' den took to drinking a mont', I couldn't feel more swell'd up dan I am dis minnit wid pride and vanity at seeing such full 'tendance bar dis ebenin'."

A marble cutter near Lockport recently received from a German an order for a tombstone, with the following epitaph: "My vife Susan is ded; if she had lif till next Friday she'd been ded sluust two weeks. As a tree falls so must she stand. All dings is impossible mit God."

Mr. BILLINGS says everybody is in the habit of bragging on Job, and Job did have considerable pashunce; but did he ever keep a district skule for 8 dollars a month and board around, or run a huntree newspaper?

Anecdote of Dr. Hume.

Dr. Thomas Hume, in company with a friend, walked to the office of one of the morning newspapers, where the doctor silently placed upon the counter an announcement of the death of some friend, together with five shillings, the usual charge for the insertion of such advertisements. The clerk glanced at the paper, tossed it on one side, and said, gruffly, "Seven and six."

"I have frequently," replied Hume, "had occasion to publish these simple notices, and I have never before been charged more than five shillings."

"Simple!" repeated the clerk, without looking up, "*he is universally beloved and deeply regretted!* Seven and six."

Hume produced the additional half crown, and laid it deliberately by the others, observing, as he did so, with the same solemnity of tone he had used throughout, "Congratulate yourself, sir, that this is an expense which your executors will never be put to."

A lad whose fifth birthday recently occurred, asked his parents if the schools would keep on that day, adding, "They didn't on Washington's Birthday."

Why is the aurora borealis like a besieged Parisian raising from dinner? Because one is an instance of Pole ligatness and the other's cat-a-cat.

If you marry that poor girl you will find matrimony up hill work. "Good," said the lover, "I'd rather go up hill, than down by a good deal.

The new Masonic Temple at Madison will be one of the handsomest buildings in the State.

7-30 GOLD LOAN

OF THE

Northern Pacific Railroad

Rapid Progress of the Work.

The building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, (begun July last), is being pushed forward with great energy from both extremities of the line. Several thousand men are employed in Minnesota and on the Pacific coast. The grade is nearly completed *200* miles westward from Lake Superior; trains are running over *130* miles of finished road, and track-laying is rapidly progressing toward the eastern border of Dakota. Including its purchase of the St. Paul & Pacific Road, the Northern Pacific Company now has *413* miles of completed road, and by September next this will be increased to at least *500*.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. Jay Cooke & Co., are now selling, and unhesitatingly recommend, as a Profitable and perfectly Safe investment, the First Mortgage Land Grant Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They have *30* years to run, bear Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than 8 per cent. currency) and are secured by first and only mortgage on the ENTIRE ROAD AND ITS EQUIPMENTS, and also, as fast as the Road is completed, on

23,000 ACRES OF LAND to every mile of track, or *500* Acres for each $1,000 Bond. They are exempt from United States Tax; Principal and Interest are payable in Gold; Denominations: Coupons, $100 to $1,000; Registered, $100 to $10,000

LANDS FOR BONDS. Northern Pacific 7-30's are at all times receivable at TEN PER CENT. ABOVE PAR, in exchange for the Company's Lands, at their lowest cash price. This renders them practically INTEREST BEARING LAND WARRANTS.

SINKING FUND. The proceeds of all sales of Lands are required to be devoted to the re-purchase and cancellation of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Company. The Land Grant of the Road exceeds Fifty Million Acres. This immense Sinking Fund will undoubtedly cancel the principal of the Company's bonded debt before it falls due. With their ample security and high rate of interest, there is no investment, accessible to the people, which is more PROFITABLE OR SAFE.

EXCHANGING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES. The success of the New Government 5 per cent. Loan will compel the early surrender of United States 6 per cents. Many holders of Five-Twenties are now exchanging them for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties, thus realizing a handsome profit, and greatly increasing their yearly income.

OTHER SECURITIES. All marketable Stocks and Bonds will be received at their highest current price in exchange for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties. EXPRESS CHAR

Farm and House.

MARTHA HOPKINS—A WABASH BALLAD.

From the kitchen, Martha Hopkins, as she stood
there making pies,
Southward looks, along the turnpike, with her
hand above her eyes;
Where, along the distant hill-side, her yearning
heifer feeds,
And a little grass is growing, in a mighty sight of
weeds.

All the air is full of noises, for there isn't any
school,
And the boys, with turn-up pantaloons, are wading
in the pool;
Blithely frisk unnumbered chickens cackling, for
they cannot laugh;
Where the airy summits brighten nimbly leaps
the little calf.

Gentle eyes of Martha Hopkins! tell me, where-
fore do you gaze
On the ground that's being furrowed for the plant-
ing of the maize?
Tell me wherefore, down the valley, ye have
traced the turnpike way,
Far beyond the cattle pasture, and the brick-yard
with its clay?

Ah! the dogwood tree may blossom, and the door
yard green may shine,
With tears of amber dropping from the washing
on the line;
And the morning breath of balsam lightly brush
her freckled cheek—
Little reckeith Martha Hopkins of the tales of
Spring they speak.

When the summer's burning solistice on the scanty
harvest glowed,
She had watched a man on horseback, riding
down the turnpike road;
Many times she saw him turning, looking back-
ward quite forlorn,
Till amid the trees she lost him, in the shadow of
the barn.

Ere the supper time was over he had passed the
kiln of brick,
Crossed the rushing yellow river, and had forded
quite a creek;
And his flat-boat load was taken, at the time, for
pork and beans,
With the traders of the Wabash, to the wharf at
New Orleans.

Therefore watches Martha Hopkins—holding in
her hand the pans.
When the sound of distant footsteps sounds ex-
actly like a man's;
Not a wind the stove-pipe rattles, not a door be-
hind her jars,
But she seems to hear the rattle of his letting
down the bars.

Often sees she men on horseback, coming down
the turnpike rough,
But they come not as John Jackson, she can see
that well enough;
Well she knows the sober trotting of the sorrel
horse he keeps,
As he jogs along at leisure, with his head down
like a sheep's.

She would know him 'mongst a thousand, with
his home made coat and vest;
By his socks, which were blue woolen, such as
farmers wear out West;
By the color of his trousers, and the saddle which
was spread
With a blanket that was taken for the purpose
from the bed.
None like he the yoke of hickory on the unbroken
steer can throw,
None amid his father's corn-fields use like him
the spade and hoe;
And at all the apple-cuttings few indeed the men
have been
Who could dance like him the polka, touch like
him the violin.

He has said to Martha Hopkins, and she thinks
she hears him now,
(For she knows as well as can be that he means
to keep his vow,)
"When the buckeye tree has blossomed, and your
uncle plants his corn,
Shall the bells of Indiana usher in the wedding
morn."

He has pictured his relations, and her Sunday hat
and gown,
And he thinks he'll get a carriage, and they'll
spend a day in town;
That their love will newly kindle, and what com-
fort it will give,
To sit down to the first breakfast in the cabin
where they'll live.

Tender eyes of Martha Hopkins! what has got
you in such a scrape?
'Tis a tear that falls and glitters on the ruffle of
her cape;
And the eyes of love may brighten, to be certain
what it sees—
One man looks much like another when half-hid-
den by the trees.

But her eager eye re-kindles, she forgets the pies
and bread,
As she sees a man on horseback, round the cor-
ner of the shed;
Now tie on another apron, get the comb and
smoothe your hair,
'Tis the sorrel horse that gallops, 'tis John Jack-
son's self is there!

House Cleaning.

Under the head of house cleaning a lady correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* has this to say:

To take out stains from either mattrasses or feather beds, make a paste of soft soap and starch, and spread over the spots; when dry scrape it off with a knife, washing it with a damp sponge, as the paste falls off; if not clean, put on another paste. This application it repeated frequently, until all discolorations are gone, will purify any bedding.

Cockroaches can be kept away with powdered borax. Keep it in a tin pepper box and sprinkle it wherever they go. Paris green is recommended, but it is a poison, while borax is harmless.

Sprigs of wintergreen, or ground ivy, will drive away small red ants; and branches of wormwood will make black ants "vamose the ranch."

Fly paper should be kept about as soon as the flies appear. Some housewives complain that it does no good; this is because they do not commence early enough. Put it in the window as soon as the first fly appears, and keep it there, renewing it once a fortnight, until the last one is gone, and you will then learn its uses. It is the best remedy that can be applied.

Scald your bedsteads in the hottest soapsuds you can apply; if there are traces of bugs, apply kerosene with a small paint brush. It is a sure cure.

Tenants of city houses often are annoyed by bugs, and cannot tell whence they come. Perhaps the borders of the wall paper might divulge their source, or the cornices of the windows disclose their haunts. Again apply kerosene, and they will no longer trouble you. Carbolic acid may be substituted, but its odor is if anything more disagreeable than that of coal oil.

Papering and painting are the best done in cold weather, especially the latter, for the wood absorbs the oil of paint much more in warm weather, while in cold weather it hardens on the outside, making a coat which will protect the wood instead of soaking into it.

In papering walls, be sure and remove all the old paper and paste, and scrape them perfectly smooth. Dampen the old paper with cloths wet in saleratus water, and it will come off easily; fill up the cracks with plaster of Paris, and if there are any traces of bugs, wash the wall all over with a weak solution of carbolic acid and water; this will purify the air, and destroy all mould and vermin.

The best paste is made out of rye flour, with two ounces of glue dissolved in each quart of paste; half an ounce of powdered borax will make the paste better.

People now, generally, understand how very dangerous it is to paper a wall over old paper and paste. Many deaths have arisen from this cause; the air of many sleeping rooms has been thus poisoned. In some old houses three or four layers of paper have been found upon the walls of the rooms, and their inmates have died, and no doctor could tell whence came the disease. In whitewashing, a pound of glue dissolved in hot water and diluted with four gallons of cold water, to which is added six pounds of whiting, will be found to answer a better purpose than common lime. Wood work can be washed with this glue size, and one coat of paint on it would last for years.

A little chrome yellow will give a light lemon-colored tint to the wash.

A cheap paint for the floor can be made, which a strong, smart woman could apply to any floor: Five pounds of French ochre; a quarter of a pound of glue; a gallon of hot water. Dissolve the glue in a small quantity of boiling water, when wholly melted, add the rest of it, stirring it slowly until well mixed. Then stir in the ochre, and apply while hot with a good sized paint brush. When well dried, apply one coat of boiled linseed oil.

The paint dries very quickly, hardening in fifteen to twenty-four hours. It is very cheap; the glue is about twenty-five cents per pound, the ochre ten cents, and the oil about seventy-five cents per gallon. So it is within the reach of any woman. An oaken hue can be given to new pine floors and tables by washing them in a solution of copperas dissolved in strong lye, a pound of the former to a gallon of the latter. When dry this should be oiled, and it will look well for a year or two; then renew the oiling. Grease can be extracted from floors by applying a paste of wood ashes; keep it on several days, and then wash off. Stains on the wall paper can be cut out with a sharp penknife, and pieces of the paper so nicely inserted that no one can see the patch.

Ink stains on wood can be removed by a solution of oxalic acid. Cover the spots with bits of the acid, turn on a spoonful of water, and place a heated flat iron over it; when the hissing ceases the ink will have disappeared.

Kerosene and powdered lime, whiting or wood ashes, will scour tin with the least labor. Kerosene and whiting will also cleanse silver ware, door-knobs, hinges, etc. Wet the flannel slightly in the oil, dip into the whiting, and rub hard; wash off with hot soap suds, and brighten with a chamois skin or newspaper.

Wash the glasses of pictures with a dampened newspaper dipped into whiting, and rub dry with a newspaper.

Spots can be taken out of marble with pumice stone finely powdered. Mix it with verjuice, and cover the spots with it; let it remain for twelve hours; then rub clean with a damp sponge; rinse with clean water, and wipe dry with a cloth.

Soapstone hearths are first washed in pure water, and then rubbed with powdered marble or soapstone, put on with a piece of the same stone. Grey marble hearths can be rubbed with linseed oil, and no spots will show.

If gilt frames are varnished with copal varnish, they can be washed with cold water without injury.

Lace curtains should never be ironed. Wash and starch them, using in the rinsing water a tablespoonful of powdered borax. This makes them very stiff. When wet, spread on a sheet, either on the floor or bed, and pin down firmly.

Foot and Mouth Disease.

Mr. Levi Stockbridge, who is we believe one of the Massachusetts State Cattle Commissioners, contributes an article on this subject to the Agricultural College Department of the Amherst Record, from which we make the following extract as regards the origin and extent of the disease:

"It crossed the Atlantic in a small herd of imported cattle, and landed in Lower Canada in August last, and through ignorance was allowed to spread through the stock of several townships in the vicinity of Compton, which it did with great rapidity. So far as now known it made its first appearance in Massachusetts near the close of September. A car load of beef cattle from the infected district of Canada which had the disease, came down over the northern railroads to Medford, and from thence to Danvers, at which place they were slaughtered. Soon after this, other beef cattle from the infected districts were sent to Albany, part of which went from thence to Brighton and were confined in the southern cattle yards. The various arrivals of this kind of cattle in September and October pretty thoroughly poisoned the market yards, causing the beef cattle which came in weekly to show symptoms of the disease ere they were slaughtered. The disease did not spread so as to attract general attention until the fall trade in working oxen, milch cows, and store cattle commenced in November. This class of stock contracted the disease in the Brighton yards, and instead of going to slaughter, were driven away to farms in different parts of the State to be kept through the winter, developing the disease in themselves, and communicating it to home stock along the roads they traveled, and in the yards where they were finally kept. In this way the seeds of the disease which we obtained from Canada direct or by the way of Albany, were scattered through all the counties of the central and eastern part of the State, except Dukes and Nantucket, and also into Rhode Island. It took root and rapidly brought forth a great crop of sore feet, ulcerated mouths and milkless udders. To Western Massachusetts, so far as is known, there has been but one importation of the plague. A farmer in the valley bought a drove of cows in, or drove them through an infected district of New York, and by selling them communicated the disease to about twenty neighboring herds. This is the extent to which it has spread in our State. In New York, it spread from Albany through several of the counties along the Hudson nearly to New York City; and from thence, to some extent, into Connecticut. It has not as yet gone westward at all, and in Canada is mostly confined to the section where it was first imported.

"The measures which have been relied on to exterminate the disease, have been to prevent the bringing in of cattle from infected sections, to keep all our milch cows, working oxen and store cattle from being driven about, and especially to prevent their going for sale to localities where the disease has existed, and to thoroughly disinfect all the cars, barns and yards in the State which have been poisoned by it. These means have been very effective, and there is no active disease in the State at the present time, except in one locality in Bristol county. The damage to some herds which have been affected has been very light, others have been nearly ruined, and the aggregate loss will be large—so large that the farmers of the State cannot afford to have it repeated; and public opinion should be added to the force of the law, to compel every man whose premises it has poisoned to kill it by the most thorough disinfection before the season arrives when it is desirable to move stock for pasturage."

Culture of Beans.

Beans like a dry and rather light soil, though they will do well in any garden soil if not set out too early in the spring. Nothing is gained by planting until the ground is tolerably dry and warm. The dwarf varieties grow from 12 to 18 inches in height, need no support, and are planted either in drills or hill. The drills should not be less than a foot apart, two inches deep, and the seed set in the drills from two to three inches apart. The usual method in hills is to allow about half a dozen plants to a hill, and the hills two or three feet apart. Rows are best for the garden. A quart of ordinary sized beans is about fifteen hundred, and will sow two hundred and fifty feet of rows, or one hundred and fifty hills. Hoe well, but only when dry. Running beans are generally less hardy than the dwarfs. The usual way of planting is in hills about three feet apart, with the pole in the centre of the hill. A very good way is to grow the running varieties in drills, using the tallest pea brush that can be secured conveniently. When the plants reach the top of the bush, pinch off the ends. The effect will be to cause greater fruitfulness below. In a stiff soil, especially, the Lima comes up better if planted carefully with the eye down.—*Arthur's Guide.*

Peaches.

The peach is a native of Persia and was introduced to this country by the early settlers. It is never raised in England, and not generally in France without artificial aid. There is probably no other country in the world where peaches are grown in such quantities as in the United States. Thousands of acres of land in New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland are devoted to this crop.

I sold over 30,000 peach trees at one time to a fruit grower for his own planting, which he set on about 300 acres of land in Maryland.

A new peach orchard will not succeed on the site of an old one, but is well suited to new land. It is rarely found in any locality that every condition is perfectly adapted to their growth, and it becomes necessary for the cultivator, as far as circumstances will admit, to supply the deficiency of nature.

If the soil is hard and tenacious, loosen well with a subsoil plow; if saturated with water, make artificial drains to carry it off.

Domestic Economy.

To Make Good Vinegar.—One pint of strained honey and two gallons of soft water. Let it stand in a moderately warm place. In three weeks it will be excellent vinegar.

Apple Custard.—One pint of *good* stewed apples, a quarter pound of butter, half a pint of cream, three eggs, beaten light, sugar and grated nutmeg to taste. Mix the ingredients together, and bake in a puff-paste in a moderate stove.

Milk Pancakes.—Put four yolks and two whites of eggs into a pint of milk, and dredge in flour, and you have a smooth light batter; add a teaspoonful of grated ginger and a glass of brandy. Well heat some fritures in your frying pan, and fry your pancakes of a nice brown color. Drain them carefully from the fat, and serve with pounded and sifted sugar strewn over them. Garnish the dish with sliced lemon.

Apple Fritters.—Pare and core some fine large pippins, and cut them into round slices. Soak them in wine, sugar and nutmeg for two or three hours. Make a batter of four eggs, a tablespoonful of rose-water, one of wine, and one of milk; thicken with enough flour, stirred in by degrees, to make a batter; mix it two or three hours before it is wanted, that it may be light. Heat some batter in a frying-pan; dip each slice of apple separately in the batter, and fry them brown; slit pounded sugar and grate nutmeg over them.

How to Mix Mustard.—Mustard should be mixed with water that has been boiled and allowed to cool; hot water destroys its essential properties, and raw cold water might cause it to ferment. Put the mustard in a cup, with a small pinch of salt, and mix with it very gradually sufficient boiled water to make it drop from the spoon without being watery. Stir and mix well, and rub the lumps well down with the back of a spoon, as mustard properly mixed should be perfectly free from these. The mustard pot should not be more than half full, or rather less, if it will not be used for a day or two, as the mustard is so much better when fresh made.

To Sweeten Trowy Butter.—A correspondent of the New England *Farmer* says sweet or sour milk will sweeten trowy butter much better than salt or saltpeter. There is nothing which absorbs smell or taste so quickly as milk, cream or butter; and there is no agent so desirable to use in extracting the wooden taste from all new utensils. A churn can have the taste of wood wholly taken out by it.

Boiling Potatoes.—When they come to the table smoking hot with their "jackets" on all bursting with the floury inside, it is a sight to make a dyspeptic good natured, and never will fail to turn a sullen face into wreathing smiles.

Then let me say a few words about cooking this vegetable, and tell the way in which I have been most successful.

To boil potatoes, let them lie in cold water six hours at least before boiling, (twelve hours for very old potatoes, is not too long.) Then put them in a little water a little salted, and the water should be kept a moderate boil till they are done, which should be tested with a fork; then pour off the water and let them stand in the pot till dry. Great care should be taken not to let them boil a moment after they are done, as it will render them watery.

An excellent plan to make old potatoes mealy is to turn them into a cloth and rapidly shake them about, or take them one at a time in a cloth and slightly press them.

The larger potatoes should be put into the pot before the smaller ones, that they may be equally done. It requires from forty to fifty minutes to boil old potatoes. New ones will take half the time.

Puff Paste.—Take eight ounces of wheat flour and eight ounces sweet butter; rub one-third of the butter into the flour with the hand, then stir in two tablespoonsful of water with a spoon and form a very stiff paste. Put the latter on the paste board and roll it out once each way; fold the four ends inward and roll out again, first lengthways and then sideways. Spread on half the remaining butter, sprinkle with flour, fold and roll as before. Repeat this process, using the rest of the butter, fold and roll twice as before. Let the paste stand in a very cool place half an hour and it is ready for use.

Sweet Pickle.—One peck of fruit—anything but green tomatoes; 5 qts. vinegar; 2 lbs. nice white sugar; 2 tablespoons each, cinnamon, allspice, ginger and cloves; ½ lb. mustard. Put the prepared fruit in alum water until hard. When hard, remove, wash, drain. Boil in 4 qts. water, 1 qt. vinegar, 15 minutes. Drain, boil until clear, in 4 qts. vinegar, with the sugar and spice.

Tub Cheese.—Prepare the curd as for pressed cheese, adding a little more salt. Place in a nice sweet firkin previously rubbed freely with butter. Lay over the curd a cloth to absorb the moisture, and above that a follower and a five pound weight. The second day place another on the first, and proceed as before until the tub is filled. Change the cloth each day for a week, (keeping on the weight) when the whey will have settled to the bottom and must be turned out. Each day invert the tub until the whey ceases to drop. Then melt butter and pour in around the cheese, to keep the air out; cut a cloth to fit the top, cover it thickly with butter, and set the tub in a dry, warm place for two or three months, when it will be fit for use.

Protection against Moths.—A correspondent of the *Cabinet Maker* gives the following recipe as one which has kept the moths out of a furniture warehouse for ten years past: Flour of hops, one drachm; Scotch snuff, 2 oz.; gum camphor, 1 oz.; black pepper, 1 oz.; cedar sawdust, 4 oz. Mix thoroughly, and strew, or put in papers among the goods.

To Wash Silk.—Half a pint of gin, 4 ozs. of soft soap, and 2 ozs. of honey, well shaken. Wet a sponge with this mixture, and rub the silk, which should be spread upon the table. Then wash it through two waters, in which put 2 or 3 spoonfuls of ox-gall, which will brighten the colors and prevent their running.—Do not wring the silk, but hang it up to dry, and while damp, iron it. The lady who furnishes this recipe says she has washed a green silk dress by it, and it looks as good as new.

To Make Embroidery Patterns.—The traced patterns for embroidery are printed, when many copies of the same pattern are required. When a few are needed, they are made by hand, as follows: The drawing is made upon paper; they lay the drawing up an even cloth, and perforate all the lines with a fine needle, close and even. Then take finely powdered charcoal, 3 parts, resin 1 part in fine powder; mix and tie it in a piece of porous calico, so that it forms a dusting bag. Lay the perforated drawing upon your material, hold down with one hand, rub the dusting bag over the drawing; the dust will fall through the holes and form the drawing on the material. Remove the paper drawing, lay blotting paper over the dust pattern, and go over it with a worm flat-iron. The heat will melt the resin and fix the drawing.

Wash for Cleaning Silver and Brittania Ware.—Take 1 lb. of common hard soap, three tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine, and half a tumbler of water. Allow the soap to dissolve; then boil ten minutes, and before it cools add 6 tablespoonfuls of spirits of hartshorn. Make a suds of this preparation and wash the silver with it.

To Iron Velvet Ribbon.—Dampen the under side slightly, and draw it backward and forward over a hot stove pipe until the velvet is quite dry. A still better plan—though in winter it is not always as convenient—is to lay a wet piece of cotton cloth on a pot flat-iron plated upside down, and while the steam is rising from it, to draw the under side of the velvet tightly backward and forward over the wet cloth.

To Make Leaven.—Stir corn meal in a pint of fresh buttermilk; add an old yeast cake dissolved in water; make it about the consistence of batter bread, and set in a warm place to rise. When well risen, add more meal, make it into cakes, and dry in the shade.

To Remove Acid Stains and Restore Color.—When color on a fabric has been accidentally or otherwise destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will in almost all cases restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common, but that of chloroform is but little known. Chloroform will also remove paint from a garment or elsewhere, when benzole or bisulphide of carbon fails.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

A Remarkable Case—A Man Grafted Like a Tree.

From the Sedalia (Mo.) Times, April 20.

The case of George Gardner, of this city, who, as our readers may remember, had his foot crushed on the M. K. & T. R. R., some time since, has given rise to an experiment and a result in surgery of great interest to the profession and destined to command the attention of scientific readers everywhere. A report of the case will doubtless find its way to the medical journals, but we may, without impropriety, give an outline of the experiment.

It has been difficult to cause the healing of wounds where any large surface of the skin was gone, as nothing but skin will produce new skin, and this only for a short distance (less than an inch) around the margin. Hence in making amputations it has always been considered necessary to preserve a "flap" of skin to fold over the exposed end of the limb in order to form a covering of skin and a good "stump." But in Gardner's case the patient was too weak to admit of amputation, and it was a question of life or death to save the ankle-joint and to form a covering of skin for the crushed and mangled stump. This was done by a wonderful process, viz.: *by transplanting or grafting on the wounded part from time to time a small portion of skin from another part of the body.* Pieces of skin not so large as a grain of wheat were taken from the patient's arm and grafted on the lacerated stump, where they took root, as it were, formed a nucleus for growth, and gradually spread till the whole surface was completely covered with a sound and new integument of skin, and the young man has a good ankle joint and a beautiful stump. The surgeon in charge (whose name we are not at liberty to use) does not claim to be the discoverer of this treatment, the credit of which is due to a celebrated surgeon of Paris—Mr. Riverdin, we believe. But the present case is believed to be the most clearly defined and eminently successful one yet treated in the United States, and as such will undoubtedly excite much interest in scientific circles.

Murdered by Request.

Last night we were summoned to listen to one of the saddest stories ever told. But a few days since was announced the death of Daniel E. Hedden by his own hand. We had every reason to believe it was so. Last evening, however, came a startling disclosure—Hedden murdered!

Captain Dutcher was called to the Cedar Rapids House. He went. Cora Clinton wished to see him. When in her presence she says: "Captain I have something to tell you. You would never think it, but I shot Hedden!"

This was indeed something to tell, it was a startling announcement. She said she had carefully thought over all the consequences; knew she had to go to jail, and probably to the gallows. Yet with all that staring her in the face, she wanted to make the confession—tell the true story.

In the jail at 11 o'clock, the reporters met the unfortunate woman. "I make the confession that I killed Hedden." "Why did you do it?" "At his own request," was the reply. "I went up stairs and found him, as I thought, dying. He asked me to shoot him. He wanted this sin off his soul. He took the pistol from his pocket, cocked it and placed it in my hand. He held open his coat and I pulled the trigger. I thought there was more than one ball in the pistol, and intended with the other to kill myself." The prisoner in her confession says there was no malice! She fired the pistol at his own request, and then intended self-murder. But an empty pistol prevented her. She was excited, and didn't think what she was doing. In brief, the above is the sad story. It is to be remembered that Hedden bought three bottles of laudanum the night of his death, and upon his own confession, through the testimony of Cora Clinton, drank the same.

Sunday evening Cora Clinton confessed that she took chloroform with intent to take her life; and it is feared that she will, by some means, yet succeed. There is scarcely a doubt that suicide has been determined upon, in her mind, at all hazards.—*Omaha Republican.*

Col. Edwin Smith, of Clinton, Mich., believes hogs put on clover in May should be fed nothing else while on clover. He has a Yorkshire boar which gained 100 pounds on clover in 35 days—weighing 300 pounds when put on, and 400 pounds when taken from the clover. Mr. Smith also thinks it more profitable to make pork under, rather than over one year old, and beef under rather than over two years old. With his Short Horns and Short Horn grades he can get 1,100 to 1,200 pounds weight at that age. So says E. W. Stewart in the *Rural New Yorker.*

J. J. Thomas says a very common error in the culture of Honey Locust hedges is in not cutting them back enough. Close pruning is necessary to overcome its natural tendency to an upright and comparatively slender growth. He thinks such a hedge should be cut very near the surface, the second time three inches higher, again four or five inches higher.

Pennsylvania, according to the late census, produced in the last year, 68,000,000 bushels of oats; 15,400,000 bushels of potatoes; 18,000,000 bushels of wheat.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: The yearly production of cotton seed in the sections tributary to that market is 750,000 tons. This will yield 30,000,000 gallons of oil, worth in its crude state $15,000,000; and 300,000 tons cake, worth $900,000. The 250,000 tons hulls and pieces of fibre left after the manufacture of the oil and cake would make several million dollars worth of finest paper. If the entire cotton seed product of the Mississippi Valley was manufactured into oil, oil cake, soap and paper, and the oil refined and bleached, it would be worth some $40,000,000.

The anniversary of Odd Fellowship was celebrated on yesterday, in most of the cities of the country. There were celebrations, with speeches, music and festivities at San Francisco, Portland, Louisville, Newark, Lafayette, and Indianapolis. At Indianapolis a statue erected to the memory of Grand Master A. M. Adams, was unveiled, and at Lafayette the presence of the President and a speech from the Vice President, gave great eclat to the exercises.

More settlers are going to Nebraska this year than ever in one year before, and it is probable that over forty thousand inhabitants will be added to the population of the State this year. The new comers are mostly in organizations from the Eastern States or Europe, and are taking lands under the homestead and pre-emption laws and by purchase from railroads.

C. C. & R. Parks, of Waukegan, Ill., sold last week, to F. B. Stacy, of Stacyville, Iowa, the fine, young Short-horn bull, Duke of Glen Flora, got by Roya George, 9024, he by Dock Taylor, Minna Belle, by Minister, 6363. These gentlemen have also rented, for a brief period, to Mr. Campbell, of Batavia, Ill., the celebrated Short-horn bull, 8th Duke of Airdrie, 6627. The Messrs. Parks are for the present using in their herd, the imported Booth bull General Napier.

An American dentist has written a paper to prove that all the "ills that flesh is heir to" come of eating common salt. He says: "While I would not wish to be understood as believing that common sault is the sole cause, I do believe that it is one of the giant evils that are tending so much to undermine the health of man, and, with the health, the mind."

W. P. Neely, of Greenbush Farm, La Salle county, Ill., has sold to Theodore Wilson, of Osage, Mitchell county, Iowa, the bull calf, Napoleon, got by 2d Duke of Paris, 6684, out of Arabell 4th, by Napoleon, 4183, &c. Red Roan, calved July 22d, 1870, price $400; also to same party, one Essex boar pig for $30.

At the end of the Forty-first Congress an act was quietly passed authorizing the President to institute a system of competitive examinations in the civil service. By an oversight no appropriation was made at the time, but in the last appropriation bill this was remedied, and now the President says he will use to the utmost the power conferred on him.

The national census returns show that Florida has had the largest percentage of increase in population of any State in the Union, except Missouri, the increase in Florida being fifty per cent, and in Missouri fifty-five per cent. In the increase in the establishment of productive industries Florida stands at the head of the list, her increase being 202 per cent., while that of Missouri is only 242 per cent.

William M. Evarts, whose name has been mentioned as successor to Secretary Fish in the State Department, is now in Washington. He denies that the appointment has been tendered him, and says he don't want the office.

George Nutter, of New Durham, N. H., who sailed under an assumed name from Portland for Liverpool, on Saturday, is charged with uttering forged orders to the amount of $45,000. He obtained $20,000 from the Dover Bank.

There was a curious scene in a Richmond court on Wednesday. A man had been convicted of an attempt improperly to influence a trial, and the Judge, in passing the sentence upon him, said: "I owe it to you and others—perhaps more to you than any other—that I am sitting here a Virginia Judge. You elected me to administer the laws of the Commonwealth with an upright and impartial mind, and to keep pure the course of justice in Virginia. I know not how better I can justify your expectation and vindicate the wisdom of your choice; believing you to have offended against the laws of the State, than by imposing upon you the highest penalty of the law—a fine of $500 and the costs."

It is reported that M. R. Cullen, Judge of the St. Louis Police Court, is to bring suit against the city because, during one of his sessions, alarmed by a cry that the building was falling, he was unwise enough to jump from the window and break his leg. The Judge takes the ground that, is the building had been secure, no such panic would have arisen, and he would not have been hurt.

DR. GOFF will give $50 reward for any case of SEMINAL WEAKNESS, PRIVATE or FEMALE DISEASE that his remedies cannot cure. He is a graduate of a first class Medical College, Cleveland, and is giving full information free. A book of 100 pages on the self cure of the above diseases, also reliable advice to the married or those contemplating marriage sent by mail, price 25 cents. Address Dr. A. C. GOFF, Syracuse, N. Y. mar29w1y

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To Correspondents.

STUDENT, Pageville, Ohio, asks several questions in regard to the Grand Lama of Thibet, as to who and what he is and as to what his powers are. The Grand Lama is the great high priest of the religion known as Lamaism, an offshoot of Buddhism. In the popular belief the Dalai (grand) Lama, as an incarnation of the Creator, is an eternal omniscient divinity. He is the temporal and spiritual ruler of Thibet, but interferes only in matters of highest importance. The ordinary business of state is managed by his vice regent and four ministers all appointed by himself. On the death of the Grand Lama, a council composed of the highest lamas or priests appoint his successor, or "discover the body into which his soul has transmigrated."

M. A. BARBER, Perry Centre, New York, writes as follows on the subject of inauguration day: "In your issue of April 20, G. D. of Mankato, Minn., gives as a reason for inauguration being on March 4th, that it does not come on Sunday but once in 400 years. If he will "study up" a little he will find that inauguration day comes on Sunday once in seven times; that is, every 28 years and several times in the 28 years March 4th comes on Sunday. Inauguration day was Sunday in 1821 and in 1849, and will be again in 1877. In this 19th century Sunday is March 4th in 1804, '10, '21, '27, '32, '38, '49, '55, '60, '66, '77, '83, '88 and '94."

On this same subject Don A. of Toledo, writes:—"in your issue of the 22d inst., in the column devoted to correspondents, I observe that one "G. D." of Mentoka, Minn., enters the arena of science, having his almanac well-nigh by heart to project a profound explanation as to why the 4th of March was chosen for the inauguration of our Presidents. He submits that "the most satisfactory answer which can be given to the question" is that "the 4th of March occurs on Sunday only once in four hundred years." This would undoubtedly appear as a very learned and 'most satisfactory answer' were it not for the unfortunate circumstance that it does not transpire as true that the 4th of March occurs on Sunday only once in that length of time. We would suggest to "G. D." that he brush the cobwebs from his brain, wind up his perpetual calender anew, and if it has "got no rats in it," learn this fact ere it runs down, viz. From 1793 to 2001, inclusive, the 4th of March occurs on Sunday no less than forty-four times, five of which, 1821, 1849, 1877, 1951 and 1979, are inauguration days; and on two occasions in the experience of Uncle Sam, the inauguration has been postponed to the 5th of March; for "the founders of our government were a pious people" and their sons, being a "chip of the old block," did not think it proper to "infringe on the sacredness of the Lord's day," and accordingly did not indulge in the ceremony of inauguration until Monday, March 5th, 1821 and 1849.

Indeed, the 4th of March or any other day of this or any other month will frequently occur upon Sunday during four hundred years; while *all the days of the week* in any year given will correspond with the days of the month twenty-eight years past or future or any multiple of twenty-eight years past or future from that year. This period of twenty-eight years constitutes what is known as the *Solar Cycle*, so called for the reason just cited, that in the twenty-ninth year from any year the days of the week and the days of the month are again repeated in the same order.

It is plain that when "G. D" penned his communication he was clear in his own mind that some thing of interest to the public did or did not occur once in four hundred years, but just what it might be, evidently was not so clear. Now, to relieve him of a most remarkable scientific statement and the four hundred years, what better opportunity could mortal man desire than this same question, "Why the President is inaugurated on the 4th of March?" We apprehend, however, that the bolus of knowledge which sought expression in the BLADE, is a shadow of the information "G. D." obtained, in years gone, from his arithmetic, which teaches that all leap years are divisible by four, except those ending with two ciphers which must be divisible by *four hundred* in order to enjoy that favor. Here, then, my dear "G. D" is the place for that four hundred. *Requiescat in pace!*"

And Wm. M. Deatrich, Charlesville, Bedford Co. Pa., after stating the position of G. D., says "I have repeatedly seen this statement in substance at least, if not in the same language, in the newspapers.

It would be pretty enough, if it were true—if it were a fact. But is the assertion correct? Is it true? We feel satisfied that G. D. and all who are of the same notion are sadly mistaken. The 4th of March comes about as often on Sunday as on any other day of the week But G. D.'s meaning, I presume, is, that the 4th of March in those years in which the Chief Magistrate of the nation enters upon the discharge of his official duties, beginning with 1789, "occurs on Sunday, only once in four hundred years." Facts prove this notion to be without any proper foundation. The 4th of March has occurred *twice* already at least, on Sunday during the current century in those years which are inauguration years, viz: 1821, the commencement of President Monroe's second term of office; and also in 1849, the year that President Taylor was inaugurated. Almost any United States History will show that General Z. Taylor did not take the oath of office until Monday, March 5th, the *fourth* happening on Sunday.

But furthermore, inauguration day in 1877 will occur again on Sunday, as can easily be demonstrated.

What then becomes of the "only once in four hundred years." These stubborn facts, of course, spoil a pretty little story that has been going the rounds of the newspapers for years, and which some fertile imagination set afloat.

It is not likely that the founders of our government troubled themselves to look ahead four hundred years and make calculations that inauguration day should only occur once in four centuries on Sunday.

Believing that this very silly story ought to receive its *quietus*, is my only object in calling your attention to the error.

I read with pleasure and profit your answers to correspondents, but could not begin to swallow G. D.'s version of the 4th of March. I recollected too well, the inauguration of President Taylor taking place on Monday, March 5th, 1849."—Several other correspondents, give in substance, the facts contained in the foregoing.

E. G RICH, Wauseon, Ohio, writes:—"I see that you answer a great many questions in your valuable paper. I have one to ask: I enlisted in a New York regiment April 24th, 1861, for three months, but our regiment was held two years. We were discharged May 14th, 1863, and it was claimed that our term of service had expired at the time of discharge. We received $100 bounty, and under the act of July 28th, 1866, our papers were made out for $100 more, but we received only $50. Am I entitled to $50 more or not?"—The bounty act of July 28, 1866, provides that soldiers who served not less than three years should receive an additional bounty of $100; soldiers who served not less than two years to receive $50 additional bounty. Under the provisions of this act you received all the bounty due you. The provisions of later acts were limited, and cannot now be made to cover your case.

A SOLDIER, St. Charles, Iowa, asks: "Can I collect back pay, for extra duty on detached service as Acting Hospital Steward. If such pay can be collected how much am I entitled to per day?" We think back pay for such services cannot be collected. There was, during the war, a pleasant fiction in regard to extra pay when on detached service. Soldiers "understood" that they were to receive it and quoted Regular Army regulations to prove that their understanding was correct, but we know of very few cases where any extra pay was actually received for such service. If it could not be secured then, it would certainly be more difficult to secure now. Soldiers recognized, tacitly, a sort of justice in this non-payment, because they could see no good reason why a man on detached duty should receive more pay than men who lived the rough and tumble and dangerous life of the front. On a strict interpretation of the regulations, our correspondent would have been entitled to his extra pay, but this should have been paid at the time, on certificate of proper officers, &c.

JOHN J. KIESLING, Lyon's Mills, Clinton, County, Michigan, writes:—"Can a soldier, under the new law, make an assignment of his right to homestead to any second person. 2. Would the second person have to reside on the land five years, or only the difference between five years and the time the soldier served? 3. How must we go to work to organize a company of Home Guards? 4. How many planets are now known by the name Asteroids?"

The law provides that to secure the title to the lands the man must occupy them five years. In case of death of the Homestead settler his heirs may continue the settlement and cultivation and obtain title upon requisite proof at the proper time. The sale of a homestead claim to another party before the completion of his title is not recognized. Such a sale would vest no title in the purchase, but would be considered *prima facie* evidence of abandonment, and would give cause for cancelation of claim. This disposes of the first two questions.

2. For directions for organizing a militia company in Michigan, write the Adjutant General of the State. In this State, the company is organized, officers elected and these officers are commissioned by the Governor.

4. There are now 118 Asteroids named by Astronomers. The last one was discovered by a German Astronomer March 21, 1871.

R. C., Manchester, asks: "Suppose Miss A. is married to Mr. B. and after a time is divorced, will her name be Mrs. B. or will she take her maiden name?"—This depends upon the decree of the Court. In Ohio, the woman petitioning for divorce frequently asks that her maiden name be restored, and often the Court, in granting a decree of divorce orders that this be done in accordance with the wishes of petitioner. In other cases, where the woman is the mother of children, the change of name is not advisable and it is not asked. In such cases the woman retains the name of her husband. These laws, we believe, are much the same in all the States.

K. S. M., asks:—"What is the proper way to make out deeds and how should they be recorded?" You can secure at any county seat, a blank form for a deed. These differ in immaterial points but all are in accordance with law. A deed should be taken to the Recorder's office as soon as executed. If K. S. M. is curious as to the operation of recording we would recommend a glance at the Recorder's books.

CYRUS WADE, Fairview, Ky.—Prof. O. S. Fowler is considered an enthusiast in Phrenology but so have hundreds of other pioneers in science been considered. He is eminently qualified to lecture on the topic, and the fact that people differ from him has not prevented his theories finding many earnest advocates and supporters.

E. L IVES, Bradford, Chickasaw County, Iowa writes: "I enlisted in the 3d Regt. Minnesota Volunteers, Oct, 10, 1861, and was honorably discharged May 28, 1862, by reason of physical disability. Am I entitled to any bounty?" If the disability on account of which you were discharged was sickness you are not entitled to bounty. If caused by wounds or injuries received in service and in line of duty, you are entitled to $100,

H. W., Gilman, Illinois, states his case as follows: "I enlisted in the Regular Army in 1867 and served three years on the frontier under General Brooks. Is there anything in the laws recently enacted by Congress covering my case?" There is no bounty due. If you received all the pay due, you are entitled to nothing more.

M., Gettysburgh, Ohio, writes: "There appear to be two Presidents or rulers in San Domingo. Which should be recognized as such, and why do two claim authority?"—President CABRAL was in authority until some time in 1867. There was then an insurrection and in January, 1868, BUENAVENTURA BAEZ was proclaimed President. CABRAL and his cabinet fled. In May, 1868, President BAEZ was inaugurated and appointed his ministry. Since that date there has been a struggle between the two factions. BAEZ is at the head of the stronger party, has defeated Gen CABRAL in the many engagements, has retained possession of the Capital and is recognized as the head of the Government.

NICK, Shepherdtown, submits the following:—"When papers are sent by the publisher to a particular Post Office, the subscriber having moved away, if the papers are not taken out by any one, will the Post Master have to pay for the paper." In such a case the Post Master is required to notify the publisher that the paper is not taken from the office, and on this notice the Publisher will discontinue the paper to that particular subscriber at that office.

J. E. PAYNE, Osage County, asks: "Which would be the best point for me to obtain lumber for building purposes? Please give the name of firms considered reliable."—Toledo is one of the best points at which to purchase lumber. Any of the firms who advertise in the Daily BLADE are reliable, and any will, we have no doubt, fill Mr. PAYNE's order to his satisfaction.

SUBSCRIBER, Farmers' City, Ill., can procure "Harris on the Pig" by addressing the publishers of the *Prairie Farmer*, Chicago. The money for both papers referred to, must be sent at the same time.

CHARLIE, Woodbury, asks: "How may a new post office be established and what does the government require? Does the establishment of the office depend upon the number of inhabitants which the office will accommodate or upon the business of the neighborhood?"—The number of inhabitants and the accessibility of a point are the influencing facts in locating a new post office. A petition setting forth the will of the people in the matter, the distance from offices already established, and the number of people to be accommodated, should be forwarded to the Post Office Department at Washington, through your Representative in Congress. For details address your Congressman.

A. J. LOVE, Sherburnville.—The *Spirit of the Times*, GEO. WILKES Editor and Proprietor, is published in New York City,—terms, $5 per year. The other paper inquired for is, perhaps, the *Turf, Filed and Farm*, published by S. D BRUCE & Co., same city, at same price.

ABBIE, Ackley, Iowa, submits the following:—"Allow me to ask you, is it wrong for a married lady to love truly any firmly other than her own, and would it be right to smother that feeling which is constantly glowing in her soul for another? And while she loves purely and profoundly well, if she can govern her 'acts' would it then be wrong?"—If ABBIE means to ask if it is wrong for a married lady to love, in the common acceptation of the term, any other man than her husband, Yes. If such a feeling should take possession of her, it would be her duty to smother it as she would any other sinful feeling. As to loving "purely and profoundly well," a man other than her husband, she cannot, because her love by her own solemn promise at the altar, is made a guilty love. We cannot imagine now in true marriage such a state of affairs can exist. If a woman marry the man she loves, and then afterwards fall in love with some other man, the last event is evidence that she is fickle and that she should not have married at all.

SUBSCRIBER, Farmer City, asks:—Who first discovered the power of steam, and who first applied the power to machinery?—The first idea of a steam engine or the first idea of making use of the power of steam was suggested by the Marquis of Worcester in 1663. Capt. Savery's engine for raising water was constructed thirty-two years later and the atmospheric engine of Savery and Newcomer was invented in 1718. Watts' engines, on the principle of steam engines now in use, were invented 1765, and his first patent issued in 1775. His expansion engine was constructed in 1778, and his double engine in 1781. Fitch's experiments in steam navigation were made on the Delaware in 1785, and experiments in the same were made by Oliver Evans, and Rumsey and W. Symington a few years later. Chancellor Livingston built a steamer on the Hudson in 1797. The first experiment in steam navigation on the Thames in England, was in 1801. In 1802 the experiments of Symington were repeated with success. In 1807 Robert Fulton built his steamboat, "North River," on the Hudson and made a successful trip. This was the first steam navigation on record. Oliver Evans experimented with locomotive engines in Pennsylvania in 1804. Steam power to convey coal on railroads was employed by Blenkinsop in 1811. Locomotive steam carriages on railways came into practical use at Liverpool, England, in 1820. Steam was applied to printing presses first at the *Times* office in London, England, on Monday, Nov. 28, 1814.

J. M. RUSTICUS, Rural, Ohio, writes:—1st. "Will you encourage a young writer by publishing an article, providing it should not be written in the best style?

2d. Are you ever stocked with letters from young writers?

3d. On what kind of paper should a composition be written, and how sent, to make it most convenient?"—We publish all articles that are worthy—that have point and spirit. It is a part of the BLADE platform to encourage young writers. We have more letters from young writers than can receive proper attention at our hands, but are not disposed to quarrel with any one for writing to us. Communications for publication, should: be written on common sized note paper, on one side of the paper.

JOHN M. COLTON, Williamstown, Kansas, asks—"Can a Senator of the United States or a member of Congress be impeached and thereby made to vacate his seat before his term of office expires?"—A Senator or Representative cannot be impeached, but can be expelled without the formality.

BYRON KENDALL, Byron, Kansas, submits the following questions:—1. "Can a person enter or pre-empt less than 160 acres (it being off of Rail' road lands?) 2. Does said person have to stay six months on said land, or can he leave it for more than thirty days at any time within six months, and is he required to make any improvement; if so, how much? 3. How far is it from Kansas City, Mo., to San Francisco, California?"—Under the homestead law a person can enter "one quarter section or less."

The person is required to become an actual resident on the land entered within six months after making the entry. This is to be his home for five years and during these five years, he is to leave it no time for a greater length of time than six months. The law does not define what improvements shall be made, but it is supposed, as the intent of the law is to secure homesteads only to actual settlers, that the necessary improvements will be made, that is the improvements that any man would make on his home.

The distance from Kansas City, Missouri, to San Francisco, California, is 2,141 miles.

WOLVERINE, Wright county, Michigan, asks where he can get a volume of essays and a large comic speaker.—Explain your wants to your nearest book seller and have him order what you want.

J. S. COLE, Hinsdale Mass.—"An editor is presumed to know everything, and I am anxious to learn something from one or more. How is '*Yo Semite*' pronounced? And '*Samana*.' Your readers cannot fail to learn much from your 'Answers to Correspondents.' I like the BLADE very much."—Yo Semite is pronounced Yo-*sem*-i-ty, accent on second syllable and that syllable given the sound of "Sem" in Seminary. Samana is pronounced as it spelled "Sam-a-nah," principal accent on the first syllable and strong accent also on the last last syllable.

DANIEL LIDY, Effingham, Kansas, writes:—"I read with interest, your answers to soldiers. I was enrolled on the 7th day of August, 1862; discharged by reason of organic disease of the heart April 12th, 1865. I never received the extra bounty that the rest of the soldiers got who served two or three months longer and were discharged at the close of the war. I don't think this is fair, for I would have much rather remained till the war was closed and come home a sound man, than come home the way I did and be to-day not able to do a day's work to support my family without suffering. I think there is a screw loose somewhere. I think yet, I am entitled to something more for my service."—The presumption is, that the soldier in this case, was incapacitated from service by his disease. The other men were paid the extra bounty for *service*. Many a poor sufferer who did not enter the army at all, would have done so if desire and will could have been carried through. The Government could not judge by the will but by the deed. Men were rewarded for service actually performed, or where they were disabled by wounds or by disease contracted in the service, the government made such amends as were possible by giving pensions, &c. There was a certain amount of bounty due the man in the case above cited, which he does not state whether he received or not.

AN OLD READER, San Benito, California, writes:—"Should an ex soldier settle on railroad land, that is unsurveyed, and happen to strike an odd numbered section, will he have to give up his land or pay $2 50 per acre? And by paying, or vacating, does he lose his privilege to another 160 acres as a homestead?

Did the act pass the Senate deducting the time served in the army from the five years required to obtain a final patent."

In such a case the man, if he paid for, or vacated the land, would not lose his privilege to 160 acres as a homestead.

The act referred to did *not* pass the Senate and is not a law. The Homestead laws in this particular are unchanged.

R., Morsen's Cave, Pa., writes: "I am a veteran soldier, now disabled, who served 3½ years in the field. I draw, at present, a pension of $15 per month. Has Congress enacted a law increasing pensions $8 per month, dating from March 4, 1871?"—No such law was passed. The pension agent would, no doubt, inform you of such a change, as you suggest.

S. R. SHIPPY, Parker, Kansas, writes:—"I would like to know something about the public lands in Arkansas—where the best land is, in the northern or southern portions of the State, and whether soldiers can secure land on any of the railroads or not. To whom shall I write to get reliable information?"—In Arkansas, the best lands for agricultural purposes are in the eastern portions or in the immediate vicinity of rivers, in other sections. For reliable information write to the Register of the Land Office, Little Rock, Arkansas.

C. M R., Walkerton, St. Joseph Co., Indiana, asks: "Is there any rule by which the amount of saleratus or soda can be properly proportioned in making biscuits or cakes, in which sour milk or buttermilk is used? If there is such a rule and you will publish the same in the BLADE you will confer a great favor upon the thousands of your readers who 'go by guess,' and only succeed in making good biscuit when they have 'good luck.' When the 'luck' is not propitious, the biscuits are sour, or yellow."—Can any of our lady readers confer a favor upon the thousands, who "go by guess" by giving a rule to fit the case?

A SUBSCRIBER writes: "I am a young man, have some capital, like teaching. Would you advise me to locate in some large city, spend money in fitting up halls and in securing a good corps of teachers and run the risk of making the school a success, or would you advise me to teach in some good college on a salary?"—The position in a first class college, on a salary, is preferable.

J. M. BARBEN, Logansport, Indiana.—The firm referred to, is reliable.

N. V. M., Buchanan, Ohio, asks: "When did Kossuth first come to America? what was his mission? and while here, did he become a naturalized citizen of our country? If so, what purpose had he in view?"—Kossuth arrived in America Dec. 5, 1851. He came to the United States by invitation of the Government, as the nation's guest. The United States steamer Mississippi was sent to convey him to the country and he was received with great enthusiasm. He came to urge the acknowledgment of the claims of Hungary to independence, and to urge interference on the part of the United States and England in behalf of the principle of non-intervention which would allow the nations of Europe fair play in a new struggle for liberty. He also solicited aid in contributions for reopening the struggle in Hungary. He did not become a naturalized citizen of the United States because he was not here the required length of time.

B. C. RUM, Coal Creek, Iowa, asks; "Is there such a thing as post preserver, by which means, all soft timber is made to last as well as oak chestnut, &c. As our timber is scarce, here on the prairies, it would be of great value to us to know if there is such a composition and what it is composed of."—Will some correspondent who is "posted" in this business, answer the inquiry of our Iowa correspondent.

A CONSTANT READER, Rochdale, Pa., asks:—"Would it be advisable for a young lady to learn telegraphing, and will you give information as to some suitable place, at which a lady can receive instructions?" Ladies succeed well as telegraph operators, therefore, we would consider it advisable for a young lady to learn the art. One of the best institutions is at Oberlin, Ohio.

H. B. C., Normanda, Ind.—We cannot express any opinion as to the relative merits of the schools mentioned. The school at Lebanon, is undoubtedly a very good one, so are the others.—A course in a business college, to a young man desiring to qualify himself for business, is always valuable.

ANTELOPE, Burr Oak, Nebraska, writes: "Please inform me through your ANSWERS to Correspondents, what was the origin of the Hambletonian Horse, and inform me also if I have spelled the word, Hambletonian, right. I have seen it spelled in two different ways."—Hambletonian is a bay stallion, foaled in 1849. His sire was Abdallah, and his dam the Charles Kent mare, by imp. Bellfounder. The sire of Abdallah was Mambrino, and Mambrino was by imp Messenger. The dam of the Chas Kent mare was One Eye, and One Eye was by old Hambletonian, by imp. Messenger; and the dam of One Eye was Silvertail' by imp. Messenger. Ryedyk's Hambletonian, which is the sire of Dexter, Startle, Socrates, Bruno, and other famous trotters, our correspondent will observe, is 21 years old this spring. He is still at Chester in Orange county, New York, where he has lived all his life and acquired all his fame. The pedigree shows the origin of the horse. Hambletonian is the correct way of spelling the name. Hamiltonian is an entirely different horse.

A. G. HORN, Lima, Ohio, asks: "Was there ever a veritable HAMLET, Prince of Denmark, or was he a person existing only in SHAKESPEARE'S imagination?" There was, according to Danish histories, a veritable HAMLET, Prince of Denmark, and the story of his life was substantially the same as that which SHAKESPEARE adopted as the basis of his tragedy, "Hamlet." According to SAXO GRAMMATICUS, he was the son of HORVENDILL, hereditary Prince of Jutland, and of GERUTHA, daughter of RORIC, 15th king of Denmark after Danus. Whether such a person existed or not, a history of his life was translated into English and published, years before the tragedy of HAMLET was written.

N. B. WHARTON, Summerfield, Ohio, asks:—"Is there any newspaper published at Painesville, Ohio? If so, what paper is it?"—There are two papers published at Painesville—the *Telegraph* (Republican) and *Advertiser* (Democrat.)

SUBSCRIBER, Sandusky City, Ohio, writes:—"How did Dexter make his fastest time to saddle or harness."—The best time made by Dexter was on Long Island in 1867—a mile in 2:17¼, in *harness*. At Buffalo, in 1866 he made a mile in 2:18 and at Long Island in 1865, a mile in 2.18½, to saddle in both cases.

S. C, S., East Springfield, Pa., writes:—"As you seem to possess an inexhaustible supply of patience in answering the questions of your numerous correspondents, I take the liberty of asking if a father is entitled to a pension for a son killed in the late war, and on whom he was dependent for support. The case is like this: The father is an aged man, and a cripple for life. He has some property, but not sufficient to support himself and family, and his crippled condition renders him unfit for labor. The son was his youngest and unmarried. As it may be necessary for you to know if he has other sons, in order to answer my question, I will state that he has one son who is married and consequently has a family of his own to support."—A dependent father is entitled to pension. The conditions are:

1st. That the mother of the soldier is dead.

2d. That the son was killed in action or died from disease contracted in the service and in line of duty.

3d. That the father was actually dependent in whole or in part on said son for his support and that the son did actually render such support.

FLYING DUTCHMAN, Oakwood, Kansas, states his case as follows:

"I came to America at three years of age with my mother, my father having been killed in the old country. I served two enlistments during the war in Pennsylvania Regiments. Will I have to be naturalized to become a citizen; I feel as much a citizen as if I had been born here, in fact I know no country but America."—

There is nothing definite about "Flying Dutchman's" statement in regard to his service in the Army. He should submit a statement, not to a lawyer, particularly, but to a Probate Judge, or the officer, who, in his county, issues certificates of naturalization. With the details of the case before him, the Judge can decide in a few minutes as to what is to be done. Basing our opinion on the statement as presented above, we should say that our correspondent is required to take out final papers, to become a citizen.

ALLAN, New York, asks:

"On which finger should the engagement ring be worn, and what should be the style of ring."—The engagement ring is worn on the first or fore finger of the left hand. If not a diamond ring, the ring should be of gold, plain or elegantly chased. A diamond ring, for various reasons, stands first on the list.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We have received subscription letters from the following persons who failed to give us their full address:

WITHOUT STATE.

J. J. Hubby, Lancaster.
G. W. Warren, Bristol.
J. Babcock, Danville.
W. H. Deardoff, Newport.
B. K. Studley, Rock Island.
A. H. Leslie, Spencer.
J. Sargeant, Woodville.
Silas Jones, Warren.
Peter Alstetter, West Cairo.
W. R. Mcallister P M Grand Island.
Jno. W. Warner, New Carlisle.

WITHOUT POST OFFICE.

W. S. Roberts.
M. W. Pierce, Ass't. P. M.
E. W. Bayman.
J. S. Smith, P. M.

FROM THE FOLLOWING POST OFFICES WITHOUT SIGNATURE.

spinwall, Nebraska,
Burlington, Kansas.
Bloomfield, Ill.
North Kortright, N. Y.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The ten hour law pending in the Massachusetts Legislature, amended so as to apply to minors under eighteen, has passed the House.

Rev. R. M. Hatfield, late of Chicago, preached an introductory sermon on Sunday as pastor of the St. Paul's M. E. Church of Cincinnati.

The official vote of Wisconsin for Associate Judge of the Supreme Court gives Lyon (Republican) 11,634 over Pulling (Democrat).

Secretary Fish will certainly resign by June 1st. He has rented his house in Washington, and made all arrangements to leave that city.

At Omaha, Nebraska, a fusion ticket of good men of both parties for delegates to the Constitutional Convention, has been nominated, and but one ticket will be put in the field.

Another severe hailstorm occurred at New Orleans on Tuesday the 25th, doing great damage to the cotton and corn crops in the immediate vicinity. Several plantations will have to be replanted.

At Louisville the majority of the patrons of the public schools having voted in favor of one session through the summer, the School Board has ordered only one session per day in the public schools after this week.

Our standing army has been reduced to 30,000, and is on a peace footing. Being so small, this force will be hard worked, should the Ku Klux show fight, and the Indians become intrusive. The number of effectives cannot be considered above 25,000 men of all arms, at a very liberal estimate

A wonderful discovery has been made of coal mines and oil wells, thirty miles from Aspinwall, in Central America. The mines are reported to be inexhaustible and the coal is said to be of superior quality, equal even to the best imported. The Government has given to the discoverer an immense tract of land.

The population of Ohio has increased from 2,339,511 in 1860 to 2,662,214 in 1870, which is an increase of 13.8 per cent.,—The yearly increase of new structures in the State has averaged $6,800,000 in value. The valuation of personal property has advanced from $248,000,000 in 1860 to $460,000,000 in 1870.

Governor Ito, the assistant Minister of Finance of the Japanese Empire, gave an entertainment on the evening of the 28th to a very distinguished company among whom were Secretary Delano, Attorney General Akerman, Acting Secretary Richardson and Admiral Porter.

California dispatches state that there are rumors afloat that Mrs. Fair, the convicted murderess, has committed suicide. They are entirely without foundation. She is provided with every possible comfort in jail. Her daughter and her mother are allowed to remain with her.

The Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad Company are energetically pushing their new piece of road between Mexico, Missouri, and the main line. This short road, when completed, will give this Company direct connection with Kansas City, and all points west and south of that city.

At Washington on the 28th Horatio Bolster was sentenced to be hanged on the 9th of June for the murder of Sonny James. During the remarks of Judge Olin to the prisoner the scene was very affecting, Bolster sobbing aloud, and the Judge so overcome by his feelings at times as to be unable to proceed.

HAWK, HAWK, SPIT, SPIT, BLOW, BLOW and disgust everybody with the offensive odor from your Catarrh, just because some old fogy doctor who has not discovered and does not believe that the world moves, tells you that it cannot be cured. The proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay $500 reward for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure. Sold by druggists, or send sixty cents to R. V. Pierce, M. D., 133 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., for it.

IF YOUR THROAT IS SORE, or if you are annoyed by a constant Cough, use promptly Dr. Jane's Expectorant. It will relieve the air passages of all phlegm or mucous, allay inflammation, and so give the diseased parts a chance to heal. No safer remedy can be had for all Coughs and Colds, or any complaint of the Throat or Lungs, and if taken in time a short trial will prove its efficacy. Sold everywhere.

BISHOP SOULE'S LINIMENT, invented by the late BISHOP SOULE, is creating a revolution in the cure of Sciatica, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney and Spinal Complaints, Sore Throat, Sprains, &c. The cures affected by it are almost beyond belief. Try it, use nothing else, and you will be cured. It is the only sure cure for that dreadful disease Sciatica. For sale by druggists, price $1.50 per bottle. F. W. RYDER & SON, Proprietors, Boston, JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College Place, New York, agent. April20w4t 77.

....FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES and Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. The only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations from the skin.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Blotched Disfigurations on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.
mar30:deod&w4m:362

KING OF THE BLOOD, the most thorough purifier of the blood yet discovered cures all humors, from a common eruption to the worst scrofula. A cure is warranted where the directions are strictly adhered to.

Spring Medicine.—It is an invaluable medicine in the Spring of the year to carry off the accumulations of thick bile from the liver, and viscid secretions from the other glands of the system. One or two bottles will arouse all the functions of the body to healthy action, restore the appetite, clear the brain and carry off those symptons of languor and heaviness everybody feels, more or less, as warm weather approaches.

For sale by all Druggists.

☞ See advertisement of Dr. BUTTS' Dispensary, headed, Book for the Million—MARRIAGE GUIDE—in another column. It should be read by all.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Thousands suffer from it.—A weak, nervous, exhausted feeling, no energy, animation or vigor, low spirits, confused head, weak memory, nocturnal or involuntary seminal emissions, with loss of power and threatened impotence. The consequence of excesses, overwork or indescretions. This is NERVOUS DEBILITY, and it finds a sovereign remedy in HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. TWENTY-EIGHT. Thousands have been cured by these simple sugar pills. They tone up the system, arrest the discharges, dispel the gloom and mental depression, and rejuvenate the system. Price $5 for a package of five boxes and a vial of powder, which is important in all old long-standing cases, or $1 per single box. Sold by all first class druggists, and sent to any address on receipt of the price. Addres HUMPHREY'S SPECIFIC HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE CO., 562 Broadway, New York march30w1yr

THE THREE DYSPEPTICS. Here is an extract from a letter received by Messrs. Drake & Co. Nov. 2, 1869: "Three friends met one day in the latter part of last September in the rotunda of the Astor House. Your correspondent was one of the three. We were all suffering from the 'national disease, indigestion; and all agreed on one point, viz: that nothing agreed with us. We discussed medicines. One had tried blue pills, another extract of dandelion, another almost every variety of purgatives. In fact, we had made apothecaries' shops of our insides; but nothing had done us any good. I said I wondered if your PLANTATION BITTERS would help us any. After some talk we concluded to try it, and met again at the same place that day month, to compare notes. We did so. It was a jovial meeting, I can tell you. We scarcely knew one another. Each had gained flesh; each reported a good appetite, sound sleep, an easy stomach and a regular habit of body. The change was marvelous. It was agreed to report the facts to you, and I was appointed to make this communication. You can publish it if you choose, and refer all skeptics for particulars to

Yours truly,
ALBERT W. SHAW,
"549 Downing St., New York."

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for Blanc Mange, Puddings, Custards, Cream &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.
may4deodlw&wlt.

....THE BEST TONIC.—Cazewell & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphated Elixer of Calisaya.
oct27wly.

ALL LADIES KNOW that men do not like a rough-skinned woman, or one with freckles tan and pimples. Nature's remedy for these mortifying blemishes, as well as for Moth-patches and Ring-marks, is Hagan's Magnolia Balm. It gives to the complexion that smooth, transparent and marble purity which bespeaks refinement, excites admiration, and is woman's chief attraction. This is what the Balm will do, and so gradual and naturally, that its use cannot be detected. Then add a luxuriant head of hair, by using the best and most popular Hair Dressing and Restorer in the world—Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon—and your friends will hardly know you. These articles are sold by all Druggists.
apr13w4w.

....HAZARD & CASEWELL'S Cod Liver Oil is the best.
oct27wly

Medical knowledge for everybody, 250,000 *copies sold in two years.*

A Book for every Man.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF PRESERVATION. A Medical Treatise on the Cause and Cure of EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PREMATURE DECLINE IN MAN, NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, HYPOCHONDRIA, and all other diseases arising from the ERRORS OF YOUTH, OR THE INDISCRETIONS OR EXCESSES of mature years. This is indeed a book for every man. Price only $1.00. 285 pages, bound in cloth.

A Book for every Woman.

Entitled SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY OF WOMAN, AND HER DISEASES; or, WOMAN TREATED PHISIOLOGICALLY AND PATHOLOGICALLY, from INFANCY TO OLD AGE, with elegant ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVINGS. 250 pages, bound in beautiful French cloth. Price $2.00.

A Book for Everybody.

A new book, treating exclusively of NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASES. 150 pp. cloth. Price $1.00, or SENT FREE on receipt of $3.00 for the other two books, postage paid.

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, or Dr. W. H. Parker, who is the Business Agent and Medical Assistant of the author.

N. B.—The author of the above named books, or Dr. Parker, may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill, secrecy and experience.
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The Markets.

TOLEDO PRODUCE MARKETS.

TUESDAY MORNING, May 2, 1871.

FLOUR—The market has ruled very quiet during the past week, with only a moderate demand outside of the local retail trade. There has been some inquiry for shipping parcels, but not sufficient to induce any material change in prices. At this writing the market is quiet and steady at the following quotations: Fine, $4 50; Superfine, $5; Extra, $5 25; XX and Fancy, $6 50@$7 25.

WHEAT—The general movement in this grain has been active since our last, the receipts for the past week aggregating nearly 90,000 bushels and the shipments about 120,000 bushels, leaving in store here on the first of May 341,000 bu. The market for Amber Wheat has ruled fairly active with considerable fluctuation in prices.—Opening at 138½c, which was the quotation one week ago, Amber declined to 135c and fluctuating between that figure and 136c sold freely until yesterday, when an advance of 2c was established and the market closed firm at 138c spot and 139c buyer May. The market for other grades has been more quiet, and the volume of trade light, with about the same irregularity in prices. Yesterday the market for all grades closed quiet and firm. We quote Amber 138c; White Michigan regular, 137c; No. 1 White Michigan 148@150c; No. 2 White Wabash 167c; No 3 White Wabash 152½c; No 1 Red 140@141c; No 2 Red 137@138c; No. 3 Red 13[illegible]c Rejected Red 120c.

CORN—Quite a falling off is noticeable in the movement in this grain during the week. The receipts were about 170,000 bu, and the shipments 101,000 bu leaving in store here 313,000 bu. A portion of the time the market has been tolerably quiet, but as a whole moderately active, with occasionally a little animation; Low-mixed has been in better request the greater part of the time, than either of the other grades and the aggregate of transactions show a large trade.—Prices show a steady yet slow improvement and are now 2@2½c higher than one week ago, the market exhibiting considerable strength at the improvement. The closing quotations last evening were: High-mixed 59¾@60c spot, 59¾c seller May and 61c buyer July; Low-mixed 57¼c spot and seller the month; Yellow 60½c; Michigan 58¾c. The last sales of White Corn were made at 63c, which is 3½@4c, above that paid for High-mixed on the same date.

OATS—The market for this grain has ruled rather quiet, if we except the single grade of Michigan. There has been a good demand for the latter, the price for it, as well as the other grades, being very regular, or fluctuating but little. As a whole, prices are about 9c higher than last week and the market is firm at the quotations, which are: 54¾c for No 1 Wabash; 54c for No 1 Dayton & Michigan; 52¾c for No 2 and 53½c for Michigan. The demand has been to fill shipping orders, and very little has sold on speculation.

RYE—Inactive; the only sale reported since our last is three car loads of Rejected which brought 80c.

PORK—The market is very nearly inactive; the demand comes entirely from the retail trade and sales are limited to small parcels. We quote heavy mess at $20; light mess at $19 and butts and rumps at $18. Smoked Hams range from 11c for country to 14c for city cured; and 8@8½c for smoked shoulders.

BEEF—The market is dull and nominally lower; heavy mess $13; light mess $12; prime $11 50.

LARD—There is very little doing—hardly sufficient to establish quotations; prime in barrels is quoted at 10½c; and in kegs at 10¾@11c.

BUTTER—Larger arrivals and surfeited markets east has given us a dull market for a week past and prices are lower. Very choice Butter for table use is quoted at 22@23c; fresh keg (a good article) at 20c; there is no demand for common, which may be quoted nominally at 12@13c.

CHEESE—The market is quiet at 17¾@18¼c for factory.

POTATOES—There is no demand for anything but northern Peach blows, and the market for that variety